THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

STRANGERS YET.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES.

Strangers yet!
After years of life together,
After fair and stormy weather,
After travel in far lands,
After touch of wedded hands,—
Why thus joined? Why ever met?
If they must be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
After childhood's winning ways,
After care and blame and praise,
Counsel asked, and wisdom given,
After mutual prayers to Heaven;
Child and parent scarce regret
When they part—are strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
After strife for common ends,
After title of old friends,
After passion fierce and tender,
After cheerful self-surrender.
Hearts may beat and eye be wet,
And the souls be strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
Strange and bitter thought to scan
All the loneliness of man!
Nature by magnetic laws
Circle unto circle draws;
Circles only touch when met,
Never mingle—strangers yet.

Strangers yet!
Will it evermore be thus—
Spirits still impervious?
Shall we ever fairly stand,
Soul to soul as hand to hand?
Are the bounds eternal set,
To retain us strangers yet?

Strangers yet!
Tell not love it must aspire
Unto something other higher;
God himself were loved the best,
Were man's sympathies at rest!
Rest above the strain and fret
Of the world; of strangers yet!
Strangers yet.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "The Mystery," "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SEPARATION OF HUNTER AND HUNTER.

Mrs. Hunter quitted the private room with Austin Clay, leaving her husband and the stranger in it. Her face wore a puzzled, vexed look, as she turned it upon Austin.

"Who was that person?" she asked. "His manner to me appeared to be strangely insolent."

An instinct, for which Austin perhaps could not have accounted had he tried, caused him to suppress the fact that it was the brother of the Miss Gwinn who had raised a commotion at Mr. Hunter's house. He answered evasively, that he had not seen the person at the office previously.

"Does Mr. Hunter appear to you to be ill?" she abruptly asked.

"He looked so, I think."

"Not now; I am not alluding to the present moment," she rejoined. "Have you noticed, before, that he does not seem well?"

"Yes," replied Austin; this week or two past."

There was a brief pause. "Mr. Clay," she resumed, in a quiet, kind voice, "my health, as you are aware, is not good, and any sort of uneasiness tries me much. I am going to ask you a confidential question. I would not put it to many, and the asking it of you proves that my esteem for you is great. That Mr. Hunter is ill, there is no doubt; but, whether mentally or bodily, I am unable to discover. To me he observes a most unusual reticence, his object probably being to spare me pain; but I can battle better with a known evil than with an unknown one. Tell me, if you can, whether any vexation has arisen in business matters?"

"Not that I am aware of," promptly replied Austin. "I feel sure that nothing is amiss in that quarter."

"Then it is as I suspected: and he must be suffering from some illness that he is concealing."

She wished Austin good morning, and he proceeded to the room he usually occupied when engaged in-doors. Presently he heard Mr. Hunter and his visitor come forth, and saw the latter pass the window. Mr. Hunter came into the room.

"Is Mrs. Hunter gone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what she wanted?"

"I do not think it was anything particular. She said she should like to say a word to you, if you were disengaged."

Mr. Hunter did not speak again immediately. Austin was making out certain estimates, and his master looked over his shoulder. Not *to look;* his mind was evidently pre-occupied. "Did Mrs. Hunter inquire who it was that was with me?" he presently said.

"She inquired, sir. I did not say—I merely said I had not seen the person here before."

"*You* knew?" in a quick, sharp tone.

"Oh, yes."

"Then why did you not tell her? What was your motive for concealing it?"

The inquiry was uttered in a tone that could not be construed as proceeding from any emotion but that of fear. A flush came into Austin's ingenuous face.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I never wish to be otherwise than open. But, as you had previously desired me not to speak of the lady who came to your house that night, I did not know but the same wish might apply to the visit of to-day."

"True, true," murmured Mr. Hunter; "I do *not* wish this visit of the man's spoken of. Never mention his name, especially to Mrs. Hunter. I suppose he did not impose upon me," added he, with a poor attempt at a forced smile; "it *was* Gwinn, of Ketterford, was it not?"

"Certainly," said Austin, feeling surprised. "Did you not know him previously, sir?"

"Never. And I wish I had not known him now."

"If—if—will you forgive my saying, sir, that, should you have any transaction with him touching money matters, it is necessary to be wary. More than one has had cause to rue the getting into the clutches of Lawyer Gwinn."

A deep heavy sigh burst from Mr. Hunter. He had turned from Austin. The latter spoke again in his ardent sympathy.

"Sir, is there any way in which I can serve you—*any* way. You have only to command me."

"No, no, Clay. I fell into that man's clutches—as you have aptly termed it—years ago: and the penalty must be paid. There is no help for it."

"Not knowing him, sir?"

"Not knowing him. And not knowing that I owed it: as I certainly did not, until a week or two back. I no more suspected that—that I was indebted there, than that I was indebted to you."

He had again grown strangely confused and agitated, and the dew was rising on his livid face. He made a hollow attempt to laugh it off.

"This comes of the freaks of young men. Austin Clay, I will give you a piece of advice. Never put your hand to a bill. You may think it an innocent bit of paper, which can cost you at most but the sum that is marked upon it; but it may come back to you in after years, and you must purchase it with thousands. Have nothing to do with bills, in any way; they will be a thorn in your side."

"So, it is a money affair!" thought Austin. "I might have known it was nothing else, where Gwinn was concerned. Here's Dr. Bevary coming in, sir," he added aloud.

The physician was inside the room ere the words had left Austin's mouth.

"Rather a keen-looking customer that, whom I met at your gate," began the Doctor. "Who was it?"

"Keen-looking customer?" repeated Mr. Hunter.

BOMBARDMENT AND BURNING OF THE NAVY YARD, PENSACOLA, FLA., JAN. 1, 1862.

The bombardment commenced at 2½ P.M., on the 1st of January, and continued until 4 o'clock the next morning. The Navy Yard was set on fire at 9 A. M., by the hot balls from Fort Pickens, and burned all night. The conflagration is said to have been a magnificent sight, and captains of vessels report having seen the light far out at sea. The above is from a sketch made for the Illustrated News by Charles Newton, of the 3rd Infantry, United States Army.

"A fellow dressed in black, with a cross look in his eyes, with a white neckerchief, an ill-favored looking fellow, whoever he is."

"How should I know about him," replied Mr. Hunter, carelessly. But Austin Clay felt that Mr. Hunter *did* know; that the description could only apply to Gwinn, of Ketterford. Dr. Bevary entwined his arm within his brother-in-law's, and led him from the room.

"James, do you want doctoring?"

"No, I don't. What do you mean?"

"If you don't, you belie your looks; that's all. Can you honestly affirm to me that you are in robust health?"

"I am in good health. There is nothing the matter with me."

"Then there's something else in the wind. What's the trouble?"

A flush rose to the face of Mr. Hunter.

"I am in no trouble that you can relieve; I am quite well. I repeat that I do not understand your meaning."

The Doctor gazed at him keenly, and his tone changed to one of solemn earnestness.

"James, I suspect that you *are* in trouble. Now, I do not wish to pry into it unnecessarily; but I would remind you that, 'in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.' If you will confide it to me, I will do what I can to help you out of it—*whatever it may be*—to advise with you as to what is best to be done. I am your wife's brother; could you have a truer friend?"

"You are very kind, Bevary. I am in no danger. When I am, I will let you know."

The tone—one of playful mockery—grated on the ear of Dr. Bevary.

"Is it assumed to hide what he dare not betray?" thought he. "Well, a willful man must have his way."

Austin sat up late that night, reading one of the quarterly reviews; he let the time slip by till the clock struck twelve. Mr. and Mrs. Quale, with whom he had taken boarding, had been in bed some time: when nothing was wanted for Mr. Clay, Mrs. Quale was rigid in retiring at ten. Early to bed, and early to rise, was a maxim she was fond of, both in precept and practice. The striking of the church clock aroused him; he closed the book, left it on the table, pulled aside the crimson curtain, and opened the window to look out at the night, before going into his chamber.

A still, balmy night. The stars shone in the heavens, and Daffodil's Delight, for aught that could be heard or seen just then, seemed almost as peaceful as they. Austin leaned from the window; his thoughts ran not upon the stars or upon the peaceful scene around, but upon the curious trouble which had overshadowed Mr. Hunter.

"Five thousand pounds!" His ears had caught distinctly the ominous sum. "Could he have fallen into Lawyer Gwinn's 'clutches' to *that* extent?"

There was much in it that Austin could not fathom. Mr. Hunter had hinted at "bills;" Miss Gwinn had spoken of the "breaking up of her happy home;" two calamities apparently distinct and apart. And how was it that they were in ignorance of his name, his existence, his—

A starting interruption came to Austin's thoughts. Mrs. Shuck's door was pulled hastily open, and one, panting with excitement, uttering faint sobbing cries, came running down their garden into Peter Quale's. It was Mary Baxendale, and she knocked sharply at the door with nervous quickness.

"What is it, Mary?" asked Austin.

She had not seen him; but, of course, the words caused her to look up.

"Oh, sir," the tears streaming from her eyes as she spoke, "would you please call Mrs. Quale, and ask her to step in. Mother's on the wing."

"I'll call her. Mary!"—for she was speeding back again—"can I get any other help for you? If I can be of use, come back and tell me."

Sam Shuck came out of his house as Austin spoke, and went flying up Daffodil's Delight. He had gone for Dr. Bevary. The Doctor had desired to be called, should there be any sudden change. Of course, he did not mean the change of *death*. He could be of no use in that; but how could they discriminate?

Mrs. Quale was dressed and in the sick chamber with all speed. Dr. Bevary was not long. Neither did he remain long; ten minutes, at the most, and he was out again. Austin was then leaning over Peter Quale's gate. He had been in no urgent mood for bed before, and this little excitement, though it did not immediately concern him, afforded an excuse for not going to it.

"How is she, sir?"

"Is it you?" responded Dr. Bevary. "She is gone. Gone to a world where for her there is neither sickness nor pain. I thought it would be sudden at the last."

"Poor thing!" ejaculated Austin.

"Poor thing! Ay, that's what we are all apt to say of the departed. But there's little cause when the spirit is meet for Heaven. Clay—to go from a solemn subject to one that—that may, however, prove not less solemn in the end—you heard me mention a stranger I met at the gates of the yard to-day, and Mr. Hunter would not take my question. Was it Gwinn, of Ketterford?"

The Doctor had spoken in a changed, low tone, laying his hand, in his earnestness, on Austin's shoulder. Austin paused. He did not know whether he ought to answer.

"You need not hesitate," said the Doctor, divining his scruples. "I can understand that Mr. Hunter may have forbidden you to mention it, and that you would be faithful to him. Don't speak; your very hesitation has proved it to me. Good night, my young friend; we would both serve him if we only knew how."

Austin watched him away, and then went indoors, for Daffodil's Delight began to be astir, and to collect itself around him, Sam Shuck having spread the news touching Mrs. Baxendale. Daffodil's Delight thought nothing of leaving its bed, and issuing forth in shawls and pantaloons upon any rising emergency.

It was a part of Austin Clay's duty to sort the letters at Hunter and Hunter's, upon their arrival by the general post. On the morning following the above, he perceived among them two letters bearing the Ketterford post mark. The one was addressed to himself, the other to "Mr. Lewis Hunter," and the handwriting of both was the same. Austin, disposing of the other letters as usual, placing those for Messrs. Hunter in their room, against they should arrive, and dealing out any others there might be for the hands employed in the firm, according to their address, proceeded to open his own.

To the very end of it Austin read; and then, and not till then, he began to suspect that it could not be meant for him. No name whatever was mentioned in the letter; it began abruptly, and it ended abruptly; not so much as "Sir" or "Dear Sir," was it complimented with, and it was simply signed "A. G." He read it a second time, and then its awful meaning flashed upon him, and a red flush rose to his brow and settled there, as if it were burnt into it. He had become possessed of a dangerous secret.

There was no doubt that the letter was written by Miss Gwinn to Mr. Hunter. By some extraordinary mischance she had misdirected it. Possibly the letter now lying on Mr. Hunter's desk might be for Austin—Though, what could she be writing about to him?

He sat down; he was quite overcome with the revelation; it was, indeed, of a terrible nature, and he would have given much not to have become cognizant of it. "Bills!"—"Money!" So that had been Mr. Hunter's excuse for the mystery! No wonder he sought to turn suspicion into any channel but the real one.

Austin was poring over the letter like one in a nightmare, when Mr. Hunter interrupted him. He crushed it into his pocket with all the aspect of a guilty man; any one might have taken him in his confusion so to be.—Not for himself was he confused, but he feared lest Mr. Hunter should discover the letter. Although certainly written for him, Austin did not dare to hand it to him, for it would never do to let Mr. Hunter know that he possessed the secret. Mr. Hunter came in, holding out the other letter from Ketterford.

"This letter is for you, Mr. Clay. It has been addressed to me by mistake, I conclude."

Austin took it and glanced his eyes over it. It contained a few abrupt lines, and a smaller note, sealed, was inside it.

"My brother is in London, Austin Clay. I have reason to think he will be calling on the Messrs. Hunter. Will you watch for him and give him the inclosed note? Had he told me where he should put up in town, I should have had no occasion to trouble you.

"A. Gwinn."

Austin did not lift his eyes to Mr. Hunter's in his usual candid, open manner. He could not bear to look him in the face; he feared lest his master might read in his the dreadful truth.

"What am I to do, sir?" he asked.—"Watch for Gwinn, and give him the note?"

"Do this with them," said Mr. Hunter.—And, striking a wax match, he held both Austin's note and the sealed one over the flame till they were consumed. "You could not fulfill the request if you wished, for the man went back to Ketterford last night."

He said no more. He went away again, and Austin lighted another match and burnt the crushed letter in his pocket, thankful, so far, that it had escaped Mr. Hunter.

Trouble came. Ere many days had elapsed, there was dissension in the house of Hunter and Hunter. Thoroughly united and cordial the brothers had always been; but now a cause of dispute arose, and it seemed that it could not be arranged. Mr. Hunter had drawn out five thousand pounds from the bank, and refused to state for what, except that it was for a "private purpose." The business had been a gradually increasing one, and nearly all the money possessed by both was invested in it; so much as was not actually out, lay in the bank in their joint names, "Hunter and Hunter." Each possessed a small private account, but nothing like sufficient to meet a cheque for five thousand pounds. Words ran high between them, their sound penetrating to the ears outside their private room.

Mr. Hunter, his face pale, his lips compressed, his tone kept mostly subdued, sat at his desk, his eyes falling on a ledger he was not occupied with, and his hand partially shading his face. Mr. Henry, more excited, giving way more freely to his anger, paced the room, occasionally stopping before the desk and before his brother.

"It is the most unaccountable thing in the world," he reiterated, "that you should refuse to say what it has been applied to. Draw out, surreptitiously, a formidable sum like that, and not account for it! It is monstrous."

"Henry, I have told you all I can tell you," replied Mr. Hunter, concealing his countenance more than ever. "An old debt was brought up against me, and I was forced to satisfy it."

Mr. Henry Hunter curled his lip. "A debt to that amount! Were you mad?"

"I did not—know—I—had—contracted it," stammered Mr. Hunter, very nearly losing his self-possession. "At least, I thought it had been paid. Youth's errors do come home to us sometimes, in later life."

"Not to the tune of five thousand pounds," retorted Mr. Henry Hunter. "It will cripple the business; you know it will. It is next door to ruin."

"I could not help myself. Had I refused to pay it—"

"Well?" for Mr. Hunter had stopped in embarrassment.

"I should have been compelled to do so. There. Talking of it will not mend it."

Mr. Henry Hunter took a few turns, and then wheeled round sharply. "Perhaps there are other claims for 'youth's follies' to come behind it?"

The words seemed to arouse Mr. Hunter; not to anger—to what looked very like fear—almost to an admission that it might be so. "Were any such further claim to come, I would not satisfy it," he cried, wiping his face. "No, I would not: I would go into exile first."

"We must part," said Mr. Henry Hunter, after another pause. "There is no alternative. I cannot risk the beggaring of my wife and children."

"If it must be so, it must," was all the reply given.

"Tell me the truth, James," urged Mr. Henry, in a more conciliatory tone. "I don't want to part. Tell me all, and let me be the judge. Surely, man! it can't be anything so very dreadful. You didn't set fire to your neighbor's house, I suppose."

"I never thought the claim could come upon me. That is all I can tell you."

"Then we part," decisively returned Mr. Henry Hunter.

"Yes, it may be better. If I am to be ruined, it is of no use to drag you down into it. Only, Henry, let the cause be kept from the world."

"I should be clever to betray the cause, seeing that you leave me in ignorance of what it may be."

"I mean—let no shadow of the truth get abroad. The business is large enough for two firms, and we have agreed to carry it on apart. Let that be the plea."

"You take it coolly, James."

A strange expression—a *wrung* expression—passed over the face of James Hunter.

"I cannot help myself, Henry. The five thousand pounds are gone, and of course it is right that I should bear the loss alone—or any other loss it may bring in its train."

"But why not impart to me the facts?"

"No. It could not possibly do good; and it might make matters infinitely worse. One advantage our separation will have: there is

a good deal of money owing to us from different quarters, and this will call it in."

"Or I don't see how you would carry it on for your part," said Mr. Henry, "minus your five thousand pounds."

"Will you grant me a favor, Henry?"

"That depends upon what it may be."

"Let the real cause be equally a secret from your wife, as from the world. I should not ask it without an urgent reason."

"Don't you mean to tell Louisa?"

"No. Will you give me the promise?"

"Very well. If it be of the consequence you seem to intimate. I cannot fathom you, James."

"Let us apply ourselves now to the ways and means of the dissolution. That, at any rate, may be amicable."

It fell upon the world like a thunderbolt—that is, the world connected with Hunter and Hunter. *They* separate? so flourishing a firm as that! The world at first refused to believe it; but the world soon found it was true.

Mr. Hunter retained the yard where the business was at present carried on. Mr. Henry Hunter found other premises to suit him; not far off; a little more to the west. Considerably surprised were Mrs. Hunter, and Mrs. Henry; but the same plausible excuse was given to them; and they remained in ignorance of the true cause.

"Will you remain with me?" pointedly asked Mr. Hunter of Austin Clay. "I particularly wish it."

Austin smiled.

"As you and Mr. Henry may decide, sir. It is not for me to choose."

"We could both do with you, I believe. I had better talk it over with him."

"That will be the best plan, sir."

"What do you part for?" abruptly inquired Dr. Bevary, one day, of the two brothers.

Mr. Henry raised his eyebrows. Mr. Hunter spoke volubly.

"The business is getting too large. It will be better divided."

"Moonshine!" cried the Doctor, quietly.—"When a concern gets unwieldy, a man takes a partner to help him on with it: *you* are separating. There's many a firm larger than yours. Do you remember the proverb of the bundle of sticks?"

But neither Doctor Bevary nor anybody else got at a better reason than that for the measure. The dissolution of partnership took place, it was duly gazetted, and the old firm became two. Austin remained with Mr. Hunter, and he was the only living being who gave a guess, or who could give a guess at the real cause of separation—the drawing out of that five thousand pounds.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBR'ARY 22, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

THE ARREST OF GEN. STONE.

Our readers know that we did not, like many of our contemporaries, go off into ecstacies, when the news came that Mr. Stanton had been appointed Secretary of War. "The King is dead—long live the King," is what we are accustomed to hear on such occasions. The old sovereign is dethroned—what a vile wretch! the new sovereign has assumed the purple—what a wonder of energy and wisdom! such is the way of the world—not a way, in our opinion, to be greatly admired or imitated. We, who never saw reason to eulogize Mr. Cameron, save for one bold word, could not at once take up the cry of admiration towards Secretary Stanton.

But we really begin now to feel that the right man is in the right place. It would appear as if a change had come over "the spirit of our dream" since the new Secretary's appointment—and that, in fact, the spirit of dreaming and slumber was rapidly giving place to the more desirable spirit of action. Mr. Stanton, it was reported, soon after his appointment, being questioned relative to contracts for new guns, said he was determined before buying new ones, to see that the old ones were put to some service. And, accordingly, we have seen the inauguration of military movements in every direction where movement was possible.

The arrest of Gen. Stone was in itself a movement, one in the right direction. The country has been perfectly confounded with the accounts that have been received from Washington, of the toleration shown to men more than half-suspected of disloyalty. That such men should be kept in official positions, seemed to be the height of stupidity—to say nothing worse of it. Plan after plan was betrayed to the rebels—and yet the country heard nothing of an active purging of the civil and military departments. Then came the affair of Munson's Hill—with rumors directly implicating a relative of Gen. Scott's, who was allowed to leave the country without arrest—and the massacre of Ball's Bluff, with no Court of Inquiry ordered, while the general on that occasion was left in command, though said to be notoriously intimate with and complacent to disloyal parties.

Can it be wondered at, that earnest men—hearing these things—should have begun to doubt the earnestness of even the highest civil and military officials?

But when the word came that Stone had been arrested, loyal men began to breathe freer. It became evident either that Gen. McClellan was waking up, or else that the new Secretary was at work, with a keen eye, and an unfaltering hand. The arrests which followed of two of the agents of the most unscrupulous and mischievous paper in the country, afforded another proof that we had now a man, and not a mouse, at the head of the Department of War—a man who feared not to grasp that "nettle" of the press, knowing that to such a grasp, it dared not be otherwise than "soft as silk." All thanks to the Secretary of War for being the first member of the present administration to show his utter contempt for the New York Herald! In an age of cowardly politicians and statesmen, it would seem that we have at last found a man.

And we trust that Mr. Stanton will not pause in the good work. There is reason to believe that the army—the regular army especially—is full of half-loyal and disloyal men. Let these gentlemen be put on the back seats as speedily as possible—it is a shame to make them fight against their conscientious convictions. As to the value of their services in a cause in which their hearts are not enlisted, we think they may be estimated at a very low figure. What Macaulay says of the great English Revolution will doubtless prove true of the present war:—

"It is a remarkable circumstance that the officers who had studied tactics in what were considered as the best schools, under Vere in the Netherlands, and under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, *displayed far less skill than those commanders who had been bred to peaceful employments, and who never saw even a skirmish till the civil war broke out.* An unlearned person might be inclined to suspect that *the military art is no very profound mystery, that its principles are the principles of plain good sense, and that a quick eye, a cool head, and a stout heart, will do more to make a General than all the diagrams of Jomini.* This, however, is certain, that *Hampden showed himself a far better officer than Essex, and Cromwell than Leslie.*"

"The military errors of Essex were probably in some degree produced by *political timidity.* He was honestly, but not warmly, attached to the cause of the Parliament; *and next to a great defeat, he dreaded a great victory.* Hampden, on the other hand, was for *vigorous and decisive measures.* When he drew the sword, as Clarendon has well said, he threw away the scabbard. He had shown that he knew better than any public man of his time how to value and how to practice moderation. *But he knew that the essence of war is violence, and that moderation in war is imbecility.*"

It is all folly to appoint men to lead our troops whose hearts are not earnestly in the war. No matter what a general's qualifications may be, if he is lukewarm in the cause—and his heart full of the recollections of the old hospitalities received at the South—he is not fit to command our armies. What we want mainly are earnest men, men who know that "*the essence of war is violence, and that moderation in war is imbecility.*" With such men we shall be certain of success, with the very least expenditure of the lives and treasure of our people. With other men, the war may dawdle on until we are all bankrupt.

ROANOKE ISLAND.

The Union accounts of the taking of Roanoke Island, with its forts, forty cannon, and nearly 3,000 men, do not represent it in the same serious light that the rebel accounts did. The loss of life on both sides seems to have been moderate, and the routing of the rebels a comparatively easy undertaking. The Virginia "shiverlry" evidently were so scared, that they not only saw things double but quadruple what they really were.

It appears from a rebel account that they did not oppose the landing of our troops because they thought that "their advantages were such in point of position as to make 100 Southrons equal to 1,000 Yankees." It appears that our troops had to advance up a narrow causeway, with a marsh on each side, upon which the enemy had concentrated the fire of their artillery. But when the New York Ninth (Hawkins' Zouaves) dashed up the causeway, with fixed bayonets, the rebels broke and ran, thus abandoning all the advantages of their position.

Of the rebel gunboats, nine in number, mounting 17 guns, one was captured, two (carrying four guns) escaped up the canal, and six were destroyed.

THE CONTRABANDS.

Senator Foster has introduced a bill, previously referred to, for the occupation and cultivation of such cotton lands on the southern coast and elsewhere, as have fallen or may fall into the possession of the United States Government.

The bill provides for the appointment of a Board of Receivers, who are to let the land to tenants for one year or less. The lands are to be laid off in lots of from 1,000 to 3,000 acres.

The bill also provides that contrabands are to be employed at 50 cents per day to cultivate the lands. The revenue from this operation is to be paid into the National Treasury.

The above is an important bill, and we hope it will be well considered. Every care should be taken to prevent the thousands of negroes at Port Royal from falling into the hands of unprincipled speculators, whose only aim will be to make money out of them. That might be a worse slavery than any which they have already experienced. If each man among the negroes were given a house, and a small piece of ground, sufficient for his maintenance, it might insure them both fair wages and good treatment from those disposed to go into the cotton culture. Judging from the various accounts from Port Royal and Fortress Monroe, the "contrabands" are a good deal like other men, in respect to work. That is, for fair wages, and respectful treatment, they will work well; while, for poor wages and abusive treatment, they work poorly.

FUNNY.—We find the following among the advertisements of the *Portland Transcript*:—

A LADY having Mediumistic Healing Powers, wishes to obtain a situation as Nurse in Portland or vicinity. Address to be had by applying at this office.

What are "mediumistic" healing powers? Does she put the patient into a magnetic slumber; or does she go into a trance herself, and thus acquire information as to the proper medicines to be taken?

SOUTHERN UNION FEELING.

The report of the captains of the gunboats—the "*audacious invaders*," as the Richmond papers call them—which recently made a trip all the way to Florence, Alabama, would seem to indicate a large amount of Union feeling in Tennessee and in Northern Alabama. The *Richmond Despatch* says:—

"Our Tennessee exchanges give us gloomy prospects for the future in that part of the Confederacy.

"Several leading journals intimate plainly that there is really a threatening state of affairs in East Tennessee, growing out of the idolatrous love of many of these people for the old Union. The Memphis Avalanche writes that the condition of the interior counties is not improved by the lapse of time.

"The people apprehend an immediate advance of the Northmen, and traitors to the South evince their joy in every village and neighborhood. The Unionists are making demonstrations in many of the Northern counties, and even at Memphis there were exhibitions of joy, on the arrival of the news from Beech Grove. Armed bands of Johnsons and Maynard's followers are prowling about in all directions through the mountains, and in remote counties many persons have been shot at night in their own homes, who adhere to the fortunes of the South."

At Florence, the officers of the gunboats say, the people offered to give them a ball, and treated them with the utmost consideration. We must allow something, however, for the fact that the gunboats were so well prepared to give *balls* themselves; had they been unarmed, they probably would have found the popular feeling of a less pleasant, if more *striking* character. There is nothing like good rifles, and heavy artillery, for the purpose of insuring respectful treatment. And yet, taking the rebel admissions into consideration, we cannot doubt the existence of a considerable amount of genuine Union feeling. In fact, the willingness of large numbers to enlist in the military service of the Union, is proof enough that their professions are not mere words. Large districts probably would be willing to come at once back to their allegiance—but other large districts will probably require pretty stringent treatment before their inhabitants are brought to their senses. When the rebel armies are driven out of Tennessee, we should not be surprised to see that state appear as loyal as Kentucky and Maryland.

THAT MOB FOUND.

Dr. Russell, of the *London Times*, it would appear, was right about that "mob," with the single exception that he located it in New York, instead of at Richmond. At Richmond a really dangerous mob did gather—what for, appears to be doubtful. The probability is that there was no particular reason for it; the only reason being the generally impure condition of the blood of the rebel body politic. To show what society in Richmond is at present, we quote from the *Richmond Examiner* of Feb. 6th:—

"The rowdyism now rife in this city has become intolerable, and demands immediate suppression with the high hand. *Acts of brutal violence, vulgar ruffianism and gross indecency are of momentary occurrence in our streets. The most orderly citizen and the most delicate lady are exposed to outrage and insult. No man's life, even, is secure in broad daylight on our most public thoroughfares. To surround, knock down, bruise, and maltreat, has become the pastime of the ruffians that throng our pavements.* The evil must be suppressed, or else society must surrender its authority to brute violence. We must disorganize the social system, resolve ourselves into savages, and prepare for protection by the most effective weapons of self-defence, or else we must assert the power of the law upon the persons of the ruffians and vagabonds that infest our streets and alleys. * * * * * The city, by tolerating a thousand dens of iniquity and passion, owes the duty to its population of affording it protection from the dangers and outrages thus engendered and prepared. The time has arrived for vigilance and summary reform, *or else ruffianism, theft, arson, drunkenness and murder will soon claim the city as their exclusive preserve.*

In another column of the Examiner, we find the following extraordinary statement:

"A few nights ago the gamblers of Richmond held a convention in this city, and after the fashion of the 'noble refrigerators of Congress,' transacted their business in secret session. We are informed that one hundred and fifty members of the gambling and 'plug' fraternity were present; that fifty thousand dollars were voted and subscribed to as a fund to carry the next election for Mayor; and that the candidate nominated as likely to unite the gambling and rowdy interests of Richmond was an ungrammatical grocer and whiskey-worm of the name of David J. Saunders. We are very much of the opinion that, if matters are not speedily bettered in Richmond, the gamblers, 'plugs,' and the retired and unsavory whiskey-dealer they propose as their candidate will be in the hands of a vigilance committee before the date of the next municipal election."

Thus we see what society in the Southern states, deprived of the orderly and invigorating influences of Northern civilization, is coming to. Philadelphia has been remarkably quiet, since it got rid of the hundreds of Southern students who used to cluster to our medical colleges. In fact, the Northern states, in the midst of war, are singularly quiet and peaceful—no broils, no contentions of any kind disturb the even tenor of our way.

Perhaps, if we have patience, Dr. Russell and our English friends generally, will begin to understand the Northern people a little better than they do. As Dr. Russell's predictions of sudden ruin, mobs, &c., are all proved false by events, perhaps they will begin to give us a little credit for good sense and soberness. The fact is, the North carries its respect of law and love of order even to an excess, and is not surpassed in these virtues by any people on the globe. It is the reckless Southern element in our national politics, which has given us a character in Europe which we are very far from deserving.

FORT DONELSON.

As we write this, the attack on Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland River, is probably still going on. If it be true that 15,000 of the enemy are surrounded at that fort, so that they cannot fly if they would, a desperate resistance may be counted on.

A SIGN.

About six weeks ago a mercantile firm of this city received a letter from one of their customers in Southern Kentucky, who owed them about four thousand dollars, informing them that he intended to devote his property to the cause of the rebellion, and that they need not expect to receive a cent from him until the independence of the Confederate states was acknowledged. Of course this is only the sense of what he wrote—the "high-falutin" we omit.

A few days ago another letter was received from the same gentleman, inclosing a draft for one thousand dollars, and informing them that he expected to be on soon, when he would settle the balance of his account, and would want to buy another bill. Probably that gentleman has made up his mind, from the events of a few weeks past, which way "the cat is jumping," and no longer wishes to class himself among the mice. We are very much afraid, when the rebellion is put down that we shall not be able to find one rebel in ten in the Southern states—and we shall need a much larger proportion than that of confiscated estates, to pay the expenses of the war.

STATE PRISONERS RELEASED.

An order from the War Department, issued on the 14th, directs the release of all political or state prisoners on parole. Owing to the importance of this order, we give it at length in our news columns.

The only portion of the order which we are disposed to doubt the wisdom of, is that granting "an amnesty for past offences of treason or disloyalty which such prisoners may have committed, so long as the parole is faithfully observed."

"Extraordinary arrests will hereafter be made under the discretion of the military authorities alone."

This order of the President, it is to be hoped, will reassure those who professed to believe that the liberties of the country would be entirely destroyed by the Administration, under the plea of necessity. They will now begin to see that as the necessity vanishes, the assumption of extraordinary powers will also be abandoned.

THE NEW YORK HERALD.—Among the things that brought Mr. Buchanan into contempt, was the favor shown by him to the New York *Herald* and its editor. The *Herald* had opposed Mr. Buchanan's election with the greatest virulence, but, when he was elected, it pushed itself forward as his especial champion and advocate. Buchanan weakly allowed it to do this, and allowing it, made himself contemptible.

The *Herald* has been trying to play a similar game with the present Administration. But Mr. Lincoln is not Mr. Buchanan—nor Mr. Stanton a Mr. Floyd. To its menaces, through Dr. Ives, who is said to have recently occupied one of its editorial chairs, that it must have news communicated to it in advance of all other newspapers, the Secretary of War gave no other attention than to examine a little into the connections of said Ives. Finding them not altogether straight, the Doctor was sent to Fort McHenry, where he can write editorials against the present Administration at his leisure.

Wikoff—sometimes called the "chevalier"—another agent of the *Herald*, who *managed*, it is alleged, to find out the purport of the President's Message while it was lying on the President's desk—has also been shown by a Congressional Committee, how little the legislative branch of the Government cares for the fulminations of the *Herald*.

We hope this is the last we shall hear of any favors being shown the *Herald*, its owner its editors, or any of its agents by the present Administration, or anybody connected with it. The support of the *Herald* is enough to drag any Administration into perdition, and we are pleased to see signs that the present Administration knows it. The support of the *Herald* can never be purchased except at the cost of the utter disgust of the community in general.

SHOWN THE DOOR.—Mr. Henry Wikoff otherwise known as Chevalier Wikoff, has been, it is currently stated in Washington, shown the door of the White House. It seems this party, through the good nature of some of the ladies attached to our republican court, has had access to the White House, and obtained information there not of any great importance, but which regularly appeared in the columns of the New York Herald. Wikoff's officiousness, and the assumption of intimacy with certain well-known leaders in the highest political circles, was such that it attracted considerable attention, and his antecedents were inquired into. His peculiar relations to Fanny Ellsler, and his escapade with the heiress, Miss Gamble, as well as his subsequent career, was finally brought to the attention of Mr. Lincoln, who, as is reported and believed, promptly ordered the expulsion of the Chevalier from the White House.

We are truly glad to see the above statement. If the President and Mrs. Lincoln only knew to what an extent the intimacy of Wikoff and certain other individuals at the White House, was being used to their disadvantage, they would long ago have put a stop to it.

THE SAILORS.—A lady wishes us to inform our readers that the sailors need socks, knit helmets, &c., very much, and says that the soldiers should not absorb all the sympathy of the community. Any articles intended for those who go down to the sea in ships, can be sent to 926 Spruce street. If any leading officer of the Navy would make a proper appeal, we think it probable he would find a generous response to it.

THAT COURT MARTIAL.—It is stated that "a court martial will speedily be ordered in the case of General Stone." We do hope that said court, when ordered, will be composed of officers who are undoubtedly loyal. And if Stone is guilty, let there be no foolish clemency. If the wasted blood of Ball's Bluff be rightly laid at his door, let him pay the penalty.

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Senator Morrill, from the Committee on the District of Columbia, reported to the Senate, on the 13th, the Bill for the Abolition of Slavery in the District, providing for compensation being paid to all loyal owners to an amount not exceeding in the aggregate $300 for each person legally held. The number of slaves is about 8,200.

Important Executive Orders Relative TO STATE PRISONERS.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, Feb. 14.—Executive orders in relation to state prisoners. No. 1. The breaking out of a formidable insurrection, based on a conflict of political ideas, being an event without precedent in the United States, was necessarily attended with great confusion and perplexity of the public mind. Disloyalty before unsuspected suddenly became bold, and treason astonished the world by bringing at once into the field forces superior in numbers to the standing army of the United States. Every department of the government was paralyzed by treason. Defection appeared in the Senate, in the House of Representatives, in the Cabinet, in the Federal courts, ministers and consuls from foreign countries to enter the insurrectionary councils, or the land and naval forces. Commanding and other officers in the army and in the navy betrayed the councils or deserted their posts for commands in the insurgent forces. Treason was flagrant in the revenue and the post-office service, as well as in the territorial governments and in the Indian reserves. Not only governors, judges, legislators and ministerial officers in the states, but even whole states rushed one after another, with apparent unanimity, into rebellion. The capital was besieged, and its connection with all the states cut off. Even in the portions of the country which were most loyal political combinations and secret societies were formed furthering the work of disunion, while from motives of disloyalty or cupidity, or from excited passions or perverted sympathies individuals were found furnishing men, money, materials of war and supplies to the insurgent military and naval forces. Armories, ships, fortifications, navy yards, arsenals, military posts and garrisons, one after another, were betrayed or abandoned to the insurgents. Congress had not anticipated, and so had not provided for the emergency; the municipal authorities were powerless and inactive. The judicial machinery seemed as if it had been designed not to sustain the government but to embarrass and betray it. Foreign intervention was openly invited and industriously instigated by the abettors of the insurrection, became imminent, and has only been prevented by the practice of strict and impartial justice, with the most perfect moderation, in our intercourse with other nations. The public mind was alarmed and apprehensive, though fortunately not distracted or disheartened. It seemed to be doubtful whether the Federal government, which one year before had been thought a model worthy of universal acceptance, had indeed the ability to defend and maintain itself, some reverses, which perhaps were unavoidable suffered by newly levied and inefficient forces, discouraged the loyal and gave new hopes to the insurgents. Voluntary enlistments seemed about to cease, and desertions commenced. Parties speculated upon the question whether conscription had not become necessary to fill up the armies of the United States. In this emergency the President felt it his duty to employ with energy the extraordinary powers which the Constitution confides to him in cases of insurrection. He called into the field such military and naval forces authorized by existing laws, as seemed necessary. He directed measures to prevent the use of the post-office for treasonable correspondence. He subjected passengers to and from foreign countries to new passport regulations; and he instituted a blockade, suspended the habeas corpus in various places, and caused persons, who were represented to him as being engaged, or about to engage, in disloyal and treasonable practices, to be arrested by special civil as well as military agencies, and detained in military custody when necessary, to prevent them and deter others from such practices. Examinations of such cases were instituted, and some of the persons so arrested have been discharged, from time to time, under circumstances or upon conditions compatible, as was thought, with the public safety.

In the meantime, a favorable change of public opinion has occurred. The line between loyalty and disloyalty is plainly defined. The whole structure of the government is firm and stable. Apprehension of public danger, and facilities for treasonable practices, have diminished with the passions which prompted heedless persons to adopt them. The insurrection is believed to have culminated, and to be declining. The President, in view of these facts, and anxious to favor a return to the normal course of the Administration, as far as a regard for the public welfare will allow, directs that all political prisoners or state prisoners now held in military custody be released on their subscribing to a parole engaging them to render no aid or comfort to the enemies in hostility to the United States.

The Secretary of War will, however, in his discretion, except from the effect of this order every person detained as spies in the service of the insurgents, or others whose release at the present moment may be deemed incompatible with the public safety.

To all persons who shall be released and shall keep their parole, the President grants an amnesty for past offences of treason or disloyalty which they may have committed.

Extraordinary arrests will hereafter be made under the discretion of the military authorities alone.

By order of the President:

(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

War Department, Washington, D. C., Feb. 14, 1862.

☞ J. Bull, Esq., in his Library—"That's it! that's it! the very thing we want! I knew I should find it *somewhere*, tho' I 'ave searched Vattel, Grotius, De Hautefeuille, and Wheaton, all of 'em in vain—and 'ere it is in Gulliver!" (*Heads.*)

"Sometimes a war is entered upon because the enemy is too strong; and sometimes because he is too weak: sometimes our neighbors want the things which we have, or the things which we want, and we both fight till they take ours, or give us theirs. IT IS A VERY JUSTIFIABLE CAUSE OF A WAR to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or EMBROILED BY FACTIONS AMONG THEMSELVES."

☞ Moore tells a story of a dog which is too good to be true:—A gentleman went to bathe, taking his favorite Newfoundland with him to mind his clothes. When he came to the edge of the water, the dog did not know him, and would not allow him to put them on. Rather a fix for the nude owner of the stupid dog.

ATTACK ON FORT DONELSON.

THE ATTACK COMMENCED—THE FORT SURROUNDED—SEVERE CONTEST—REBEL FORCE 15,000—UNION FORCE 10,000.

Fort Donelson, held by 18,000 rebels, was attacked by the Union forces—stated to be 50,000 men—on the 13th. Our lines are said nearly to surround the fort. Gen. McClernand's division is operating on the right, Gen. Smith on the left.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 14.—The Democrat's special despatch from Cairo, says the fight at Fort Donelson began at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, and during the day the rebels were driven out of the fort three times, and forced back again by Gen. Grant.

The gunboat Carondelet had been struck but twice up to noon yesterday.

A battery of five pieces on the opposite side of the river opened on her during her approach to the fort.

The steamer Alps has arrived at Cairo with the wounded of the Carondelet, some of them being seriously hurt by splinters. The Alps met Commodore Foote thirty miles below Fort Donelson, with the gunboats Louisville, Conestoga, Tyler, St. Louis and Pittsburgh, and towed two of the latter to within twenty-five miles of the fort, where she left them at three o'clock this morning. Captain Walker, of the Carondelet, says that he has dismounted three of the enemy's river guns.

Specials to the Republican and Democrat, dated Fort Donelson last night, say that up to that time our loss was about 20 killed and 200 wounded.

POSTSCRIPT.

SURRENDER OF FORT DONELSON

An extra of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, issued on Monday morning, says:—

By private information received at the Ledger Office, we learn from a reliable source that Fort Donelson has surrendered to the Union troops.

The details we have not yet received. As soon as they arrive they will be made public.

A REBEL REPORT.—FORTRESS MONROE, Feb. 16, via Baltimore, Feb. 17.—By a flag of truce, to-day, we hear that Fort Donelson surrendered to General Grant yesterday, (Saturday.) [Northern news to Saturday at 5 P. M. says nothing of it. If the Fort surrendered, as the Ledger says is certain, it must have been, we think, on Sunday.]

Generals Pillow, Floyd, Johnston, and Buckner, were taken, together with 15,000 other prisoners.

We are also informed that fighting has been going on near Savannah, and that that city has probably been captured.

NEWS CONFIRMED!!

CINCINNATI, Feb. 17.—Fort Donelson was captured yesterday. Generals Buckner and Johnston, with 15,000 rebels are prisoners.

THE OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 17.—Dispatches received from Gen. Grant by Gen. Halleck, announce the surrender of Fort Donelson, with *fifteen thousand prisoners*, including Gens. Johnston, Buckner and Pillow.

LATER OFFICIAL ADVICES.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 17.—Further official advices from Fort Donelson say that General Floyd made his escape during the night, and the rebels in the fort denounce him as a black-hearted traitor and coward.

The enemy were known to have had 80,000 troops, 15,000 of whom are our prisoners, 5,000 escaped, and the rest are reported to be killed or otherwise disabled.

Our loss is not stated, but the slaughter in our ranks is mentioned as being terribly severe.

WASHINGTON.—The news of the taking of Fort Donelson has been announced to Congress amid great applause. Gen. McClellan's dispatch confirms the above.

Reopening of the Tennessee River. Florence, Alabama, Visited. The Union Feeling Strong.

The correspondence of the Republican, from Fort Henry gives further interesting particulars of the gunboat expedition up the Tennessee river.

Everywhere the people insisted upon loading their visitors with presents, and as far up as Florence, Alabama, the river can be navigated almost as safely as the Ohio.

Blessings, cheers and the wildest enthusiasm greeted the gunboats everywhere, and numbers of prominent men came forward and said that should the Union army enter Tennessee, 50,000 men were ready and anxious to protect their homes under its banner, and would at once cluster around it. Under the laws commanding them either to join the rebel army or lose their property, they had been obliged to succumb temporarily, in self-defence.

The officers of the gunboats say that it is impossible to doubt the genuineness of the greetings that everywhere met them. The rebel press, being wholly under the control of the politicians, are unable to express the feelings of the people. The secession element was principally composed of lawless politicians of the community, who overawe by violence the order-loving Union men.

When at Savannah, Tenn., Lieut. Com'g Phelps learned that a rebel cavalry regiment was encamped about a mile distant. He immediately ordered the company of 130 marines under Colonel Given to march against them; but the rebels hearing of the movement, fled, panic stricken, leaving everything behind them. Their camp was burned, and a considerable quantity of arms secured.

Only one rebel steamer, the Dunbar, now floats in the Upper Tennessee.

The rebel steamer Appleton Belle, had 4,000 pounds of powder aboard, and when fired by the rebels was purposely anchored opposite the fine residence of Judge Crevolt, a noted loyalist, completely shattering it by the explosion.

The rebel gunboat Eastport, which is partially finished, is a fine and fast steamer 230 feet long, very staunch, and so constructed as to be rendered shot-proof by compressed bales of cotton and iron plates.

The steamer Illinois brought a quantity of of tobacco down from Paris yesterday, and a large lot of pig iron near there will be removed as soon as possible.

The Nashville Union and American of the 5th says, Generals Beauregard, Pillow and Cheatham, were in that city. It also contains Beauregard's plan of battle at Manassas, and prodigious speculations as to what he will do at Columbus. Numerous articles are copied from the Southern papers, asking the Government to take some measure to keep the soldiers in service as their term of enlistment is expiring, and they are fast becoming demoralized. The same paper says that a large amount of rebel stores is lying on the bank of the Cumberland river.

[From the Richmond Dispatch, Feb. 11.]

THE NEWS FROM TENNESSEE.—The reported rout of the enemy, by way of the Tennessee river, upon the town of Florence, is confirmed by dispatches received yesterday. We still cherish the hope that our forces in that quarter will thwart their design of getting possession of the railroad, and inflict summary chastisement upon the audacious invaders.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BURNSIDE,

COMMANDER AT ROANOKE ISLAND.

LATE FROM PORT ROYAL.

SAVANNAH THREATENED.

New York, Feb. 13.—The steamer Baltic, which arrived to-day from Hilton Head, brings 700 bales of cotton, the crews of the stone fleet, and a number of officers, sent home on recruiting service.

Eight prisoners were also brought on for Fort Lafayette. They were taken in a skirmish.

The weather at Port Royal was becoming disagreeably warm, and heavy rains were falling.

The contrabands are still engaged in picking cotton, and their numbers are fast increasing.

Gen. Sherman has succeeded in excluding all newspaper correspondents from his lines.

The 48th regiment, and portions of the Rhode Island and Engineer regiments, have been moved from Hilton Head to the foot of Dawfuskie Island, which is the nearest point to Fort Pulaski that can be occupied, except Tybee Island.

Several gunboats, a schooner and a number of flats, with Parrott guns, howitzers and mortars, accompanied the expedition.

Old Tatnall's gunboats soon after made their appearance, and three of them succeeded in running the gauntlet of our vessels to Fort Pulaski.

The weather was beautiful, and oranges, bananas and other tropical fruit abundant.

OUR TROOPS WITHIN EIGHT MILES OF SAVANNAH.—General Sherman, after consultation, determined to forward a force of about four thousand five hundred men as far as possible toward Savannah; and the troops, it is said, succeeded in marching to within eight miles of that city without meeting any important impediment from the enemy. The pickets of those regiments are now reconnoitering within four miles of Savannah, and when reinforcements are received the city will be attacked. But the forces have destroyed the water pipes leading to the city, and supplying it with water.

The gunboats, eleven in number, and transports (three,) under command of Gen. Wright, expected to land eight thousand troops this (Monday) morning.

FORT PULASKI SURROUNDED.—This movement has succeeded in cutting off Fort Pulaski from being reinforced or receiving supplies from the main land, and the fort is now completely surrounded.

It was given out at Port Royal that General Sherman would forward a large force to capture Charleston, in order to prevent any forces from that city being sent to Savannah.

Twelve regiments of troops were on Saturday under marching orders to leave on Monday morning for an expedition inland to the railroad, and thence to Charleston. Three regiments of cavalry were to join them. Two simultaneous movements were to be made—one to the railroad direct, and the other from the vicinity of Edisto Island.

Within the last month a large number of regiments have been arriving at Port Royal, and much of the heaviest ordnances in use in the army. Several batteries of artillery were to accompany the expedition.

Verbal accounts from Port Royal, by the Baltic, represent the condition of the contrabands at Beaufort, Hilton Head, and the vicinity, such as to demand the speedy decision on the part of the Government as to what disposition shall be made of them. General Sherman and Com. Dupont cannot find employment for one-half of them, nor can he furnish them with the accommodations necessary for the preservation of their health. Something, however, must be done, as, with 4,500 already within his lines, the daily additions to them threaten to embarrass the movements of the army. A gentleman, commissioned to represent the case in all its bearings (Mr. Pierce,) arrived in the Baltic, and will report at once to Washington.

SINECURES.—"Dr. Ives," the person who has been sent to Fort McHenry by order of Secretary Stanton, on a charge of treasonable spying in the War Office, was on Wednesday dismissed from the Custom House, where he held an appointment received under the administration of Mr. Buchanan. His name was at once erased from the roll of inspectors.

There is some curiosity among ignorant outsiders to know how a man can hold an office in the New York Custom House, and at the same time live in Washington. We are informed that this person has been the Washington correspondent of a New York journal for several months, at least, and it seems that during this time he has also held a post in the New York Custom House.

ARMY ORDERS OF GEN. HALLECK.—St. Louis, Feb. 14.—Gen. Halleck has assigned Gen. Grant to command the district of West Tennessee, and Gen. Sherman to the district of Cairo.

The commanders of districts, divisions, brigades and posts are directed to have an immediate inspection of all their troops for the discovery of stolen and contraband property, and fugitive slaves. General order No. 3 of 1861 will be strictly enforced, and any officer who has permitted it to be violated by his command will be arrested and tried for neglect of duty and disobedience of orders.

☞ It is far better to suffer than to lose the power of suffering.

NEWS ITEMS.

THERE is a sanguine feeling in high military circles that the war will be ended before the Fourth of July next.

THE ROADS.—WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—The accounts from the Virginia side do not show much improvement in the condition of the roads, nor is there anything particularly new stirring in the camps. A number of additional light batteries had arrived, which would be found highly useful when the long talked of onward march into the heart of Virginia has really commenced.

FROM MEXICO.—Official intelligence by the last Havana steamer renders it certain that the battle reported to have been fought between the Mexicans and the Spaniards, at the National Bridge, is a fiction. No reply had been received by Juarez to his answer to the Allies' ultimatum.

THE Norfolk Day Book gives a sketch of a new flag adopted by the Committee of Congress on the subject. It has a blue Union in a red field, with stars forming a square.

THE Richmond Enquirer says that four hundred prisoners of war are expected to leave Richmond for Newport News, in a day or two, in exchange for an equal number of Confederates, released by the Federal Government, and who reached Norfolk on Tuesday.

THE iron works at Richmond have been stopped, owing to the want of iron and coal. There are few cannon at that city.

JOHN SCOTT, attached to the Thirty-eighth New York regiment, was lately suffocated to death in his tent by taking a pan of coals into it and closing up all the crevices. His companion, John McNeill, came near sharing the same fate.

A LIE.—The silly story, first broached in Congress, that on the publication of Mr. Cameron's Report five Illinois regiments laid down their arms and refused to serve their country, is without a shadow of foundation. It had its origin, as we gather from the proceedings of the House, in some random talk indulged in by the Hon. John A. Logan, which was as far from the truth as one of his speeches; and it is merciful to suppose that that gentleman was "unduly excited" when he invented a *canard* so prejudicial to the loyalty of his state. Illinois follows the flag, and her troops *never* lay down their arms!—*Chicago Tribune.*

FOUR hundred released United States prisoners will reach Old Point on Friday or Saturday.

MESSRS. AMES and Fish, the Southern Commissioners' will return to Baltimore, the rebels refusing to receive them.

DISPATCHES from Memphis to Norfolk admit that the United States flag was cheered on the Tennessee river by the people, and assert that the U. S. troops neither seized nor destroyed any private property, not even cotton.

SPRINGFIELD (Mo.) AGAIN IN OUR HANDS.—General Halleck telegraphs to General McClellan that our forces, under Gen. Curtis, have taken and occupied the town of Springfield, Mo., the enemy retreating after a short engagement.

THE detachment of troops sent to Paris, Tennessee, in pursuit of the flying rebel army has returned to Fort Henry, having captured at Paris seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of contraband goods.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Asia at New York we have later European advices. A letter from Earl Russell, prohibiting the use of British ports to either belligerents, is published. The ports of Nassau and other ports of the Bahama islands are especially mentioned. When vessels are driven in by stress of weather, provisions may be supplied, but only such quantity of coal as may be sufficient to take the vessel to the nearest port in her own country. No second supply to be allowed to the same vessel in the same port within a period of three months. It is presumed that this will stop the proceedings of the Tuscarora and Nashville at Southampton. It is rumored that under the pressure from American shipmasters at Marseilles, the American Consul at that port had sent a request that the Tuscarora should go to the Mediterranean for the protection of the shipping against the Sumter, which continued at Gibraltar at the latest dates. There is no confirmation of her reported engagement with another vessel. It is believed that the Nashville has been ordered to quit Southampton. At the annual meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, the American question claimed great attention; strict neutrality was generally strongly urged. A proposition that the Chamber should open a conference with the New York Chamber of Commerce, in the interests of peace, met with approval. The pirate Sumter was still at Gibraltar. The Independence Belge asserts that the Southern Commissioners have informed the English government that in return for the recognition of the southern Confederacy they would establish absolute free trade for fifty years, abolish the external slave trade, and emancipate all the blacks born after the recognition. These offers will, however, not determine Lord Palmerston to abandon the policy of neutrality. The proposition of Mr. Gregory for the recognition of the South will be discussed soon after the opening of the Parliament, but after an exciting debate its rejection is expected.

THE ROANOKE VICTORY.

OFFICIAL REPORTS—THE VICTORY COMPLETE—SMALL LOSS—OVER 2,000 PRISONERS, SIX FORTS, AND FORTY GUNS CAPTURED—ELIZABETH CITY AND EDENTON CAPTURED.

FORTRESS MONROE, Feb. 13.—The gunboat Stars and Stripes arrived at noon from Gen. Burnside's expedition, with the bearer of despatches for the Government.

She reports the rout of the rebels as complete, and that nearly 3,000 rebels were captured.

All their gunboats were burned or captured, except two, which escaped into the canal.

The U. S. loss is killed 42, wounded 140. The rebel loss is only 30 killed, and the wounded less than 100. This is in addition to the wounded carried off by the rebels.

The advance from Hatteras took place on Wednesday morning, the expedition consisting of about sixty vessels. The fleet anchored off Stumpy Point that night, and the next day proceeded to the entrance to Croaton Sound. After a reconnoissance the attack was commenced on Friday morning, the gunboat Underwriter leading the column.

The rebel fleet was attacked and dispersed in half an hour, by a portion of our Navy, while the remainder attacked the land batteries.

The fight continued until night, and during the night 10,000 men were landed, and on Saturday morning 7,000 were advanced.

A masked battery of three guns was soon discovered by the skirmishers, and was attacked in front and on both flanks. The 21st, 25th and 27th Massachusetts, 9th New York, 51st New York and 10th Connecticut were particularly engaged.

The Twenty-fifth Massachusetts and Tenth Connecticut suffered most considerably. The fight lasted only two hours, when the battery was abandoned. Our troops pursued, and surrounded the camps of the rebels, took nearly the whole command prisoners.

O. Jennings Wise was wounded, and was shot twice while attempting to escape in a boat. He died the next day.

Col. Russell, of the Tenth Connecticut, was killed at the head of his regiment.

Lieut. Col. Victor de Monteil, of the D'Epineuil Zouaves, whose services were voluntary, was also killed. No other officers above the rank of lieutenant were killed.

Our total loss in killed and wounded is less than 200, and the number of killed is less than 60. We took between 2,000 and 3,000 prisoners. They were about being sent to New York by the S. B. Spaulding and other steamers.

Among them are about twelve or fifteen colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors.

On Sunday afternoon, a fleet of 15 gunboats started to Elizabeth City. The place was shelled, and having been evacuated and partially burned by the troops, was occupied.

All the rebel fleet was sunk or burned, except the Roanoke and Beaufort, which escaped up the canal. The Sea Bird, which was the flagship of Com. Lynch, was run down and boarded, and the commodore escaped to the shore by swimming.

The news from Elizabeth City arrived at Roanoke Island on Monday morning, and the Stars and Stripes left on Tuesday morning. She stuck on the bar at Hatteras on Tuesday night, but started again in the morning and arrived here at about noon to-day.

Gen. Wise was at Nag's Head and succeeded in escaping to Norfolk.

Edenton was taken possession of on Wednesday by Com. Goldsborough, no opposition being offered.

The Stars and Stripes brings a bearer of despatches from Gen. Burnside and Com. Goldsborough. She will take a cargo of ammunition and return immediately.

The rebels made no fight after being driven from their entrenchments, which was done by Hawkins's Zouaves and the 21st Massachusetts.

Young Wise resisted the storming parties until he was wounded, when he was carried off and his command retreated with the others to the upper end of the island, where they laid down their arms.

Elizabeth City was about half burned by the rebel soldiers, when the people sent off a deputation to Com. Goldsborough, asking him to send a force to assist in extinguishing the flames.

The Norfolk and Richmond papers attribute the loss of Roanoke Island to the blundering and inefficiency of their navy. They persist in asserting that nearly 1,000 U. S. troops were killed.

They also charge some Roanoke farmer with having deserted and piloted the Yankees to the only point where they could effect a landing, the island being flanked on all sides by an extensive marsh.

Gov. Letcher has issued an order for the formation of Home Guards for Norfolk, Petersburg and Richmond.

THE LANDING.

At 6 o'clock Flag-officer Goldsborough signalized our fleet to withdraw, after an action of seven or eight hours. Many of our gun-boats were struck, but none of them seriously damaged. The casualties were three killed and eight or ten wounded. Meanwhile our land forces continued the debarkation, and by midnight we had a force of nearly 11,000 men on Roanoke Island. The enemy were entrenched on the centre of the island, four or five miles distant.

At an early hour on Saturday morning, Gen. Foster commenced a forward movement, followed by the entire force under Gen. Reno and Gen. Parke. About half-past 8 Gen. Foster came up with the enemy, defended by a three-gun earthwork, flanked on both sides by what was deemed an unsupportable morass, the only approach to which was a narrow causeway, on which their guns bore. In the battery and vicinity were from two to three thousand men. Our artillery, which consisted of six pieces from the naval launches, was placed in front by General Foster, who had the immediate command, General Burnside being at the point of landing.

The infantry and artillery opened on both sides with vigor. Our reinforcements as they arrived were placed with the view of penetrating the morass on both sides so as to flank the battery. Our men steadily advanced, closing around the enemy under a hot fire from all sides, and suffered severely. At about 11 o'clock, the New York Ninth (Hawkins' Zouaves) received the order to charge, and under the fire of the enemy charged up the causeway, a distance of upward of a half a mile, yelling themselves, and cheered in the wildest manner by the entire force. The enemy became panic stricken, and as the Zouaves entered the works they went out, fleeing precipitately, leaving everything behind them. As soon as possible Gen. Reno took up the pursuit, followed by Gen. Foster, who kept up the pursuit of the main force of the enemy, while Gen. Reno went toward Fort Huger, where a body of rebels had fled.

At the same time Col. Hawkins was sent with his regiment to the right in the direction of Shallowbog Bay. The enemy in their flight strewed the road with guns, equipments, and everything they could throw away. The panic and route were complete. When close on their heels, and near the upper part of the island, Gen. Foster was met by a flag of truce from Col. Shaw, demanding terms of capitulation. Gen. Foster replied that the surrender must be unconditional and immediate. The terms were accepted, and about 1,500 laid down their arms.

Meanwhile Gen. Reno came up with a body of about 800, under Col. Jordan, who surrendered unconditionally. Col. Hawkins found the battery at Shallowbog Bay deserted, but took several prisoners. Capt. O. Jennings Wise was attempting to make his escape in a boat, when he was shot in three places, and died the next morning.

The forts were all occupied by our forces that night. The rebels the same evening blew up Fort Forrest. The obstructions having been removed, the fleet entered Albemarle Sound.

On Sunday, Flag-officer Goldsborough dispatched 13 gunboats, under Capt. Rowan, to Elizabeth City, where the rebel fleet had fled. On Monday morning our fleet attacked them, and destroyed the rebel gunboats, running them down and boarding them in the most gallant manner.

Elizabeth City was fired by the rebels. The city was entirely deserted, and the greatest panic imaginable prevailed.

Our boats were to scour the Sound for what boats might be hid away.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF GENERAL BURNSIDE.

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T N. CAROLINA,
ROANOKE ISLAND, Feb. 10, 1862.

Major General Geo. B. McClellan, Commanding U. S. Army, Washington.

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that a combined attack upon this Island was commenced on the morning of the 7th, by the naval and military forces of this expedition, which has resulted in the capture of six forts, forty guns, and over 2,000 prisoners, and upwards of 3,000 small arms. Among the prisoners are Colonel Shaw, Commander of the Island; O. Jennings Wise, Commander of the Wise Legion. The latter was mortally wounded, and has since died. The whole work was finished on the afternoon of the 8th, after a hard day's fighting, by a brilliant charge in the centre of the Island, and a rapid pursuit of the enemy to the north end of the Island, resulting in the capture of the prisoners mentioned above. We have had no time to count them, but the number is estimated at near 3,000. Our men fought bravely, and have endured most manfully the hardships incident to fighting through swamps and dense thickets. It is impossible to give the details of the engagement, or to mention meritorious officers and men in the short time allowed for writing this report. The naval vessels carrying it started immediately for Hampton Roads, and the reports of the Brigadier Generals have not yet been handed in. It is enough to say that the officers and men of both arms of the service have fought gallantly, and the plans agreed upon before leaving Hatteras were carried out. I will be excused for saying, in reference to the action, that I owe everything to Gens. Foster, Reno, and Parke, as more full details will show. I am sorry to report the loss of about thirty-five killed, and about two hundred wounded; ten of them probably mortally. Among the killed are Colonel Russell, of the Tenth Connecticut, and Lieutenant Colonel Victor de Monteil, of the D'Epineuil Zouaves. Both of them fought most gallantly. I regret exceedingly not being able to send a full report of the killed and wounded, but will send a dispatch in a day or two with full returns. I beg leave to enclose a copy of a general order issued by me on the 9th. I am most happy to say that I have just received a message from Commander Goldsborough, stating that the expedition of his gunboats against Elizabeth City and the rebel fleet, has been entirely successful. He will, of course, send his returns to his Department. I have the honor to be, General,

Your obedient servant,
A. F. BURNSIDE, Brig. General,
Commanding Department of N. Carolina.

COM. GOLDSBOROUGH'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—The special messenger from Burnside's Expedition arrived in this city, this morning, bringing the following dispatches:

U. S. FLAG STEAMER PHILADELPHIA,
OFF ROANOKE ISLAND, Feb. 9, 1862.

Roanoke Island is ours. Its military authorities struck to us yesterday.

Their means of defence were truly formidable and they were used with a determination worthy of a better cause. They consisted of two elaborately constructed works, mounting together twenty-two heavy guns, three of them being one hundred pounder rifled, four other batteries, mounting together twenty guns, a large proportion of which were also of large calibre, and some of them rifled; eight steamers mounting two guns each, and each having a rifled gun with the diameter of a 32-pounder; a prolonged destruction of sunken vessels and piles to thwart an advance; and altogether a body of men numbering scarcely less than 5,000, of whom 3,000 are now our prisoners.

The fighting commenced on the morning of the 7th inst., at about 11 o'clock, and was continued until dark. The following morning it was resumed at an early hour, and it lasted until well in the afternoon, when, by a bold charge of our army, the rebel flag was made to succumb, and our own was hoisted everywhere on the island, in its place.

No attack could have been more completely executed, and it was carried out precisely in accordance with the arrangements made before the expedition left Cape Hatteras Inlet. A detailed account of the operations of the naval branch of the expedition will be forwarded to the Department hereafter.

I beg to submit herewith a copy of a general order to be read on the quarter-deck of each vessel belonging to that branch of the expedition.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
L. M. GOLDSBOROUGH,
Flag Officer, commanding the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

To Hon. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of Navy.

In addition to Elizabeth City, late reports say that Edenton, Hartford and Plymouth, small towns on the sound, have been captured—and that 700 horses were landed at Edenton, and a large number at Elizabeth City.

THE NEW GUNBOATS.—The gunboats authorized to be built by the amendments to the Naval Bill, and for which $15,000,000 is appropriated, are additional to those recently provided for by act of Congress. It is proposed to arm them each with three or four guns of the heaviest calibre. They are to be built on the same general plan as those which have recently proved so efficient, the only difference being that an endeavor will be made to improve their swiftness as sea-going vessels.

LATE official dispatches from Port Royal say it is worthy of note, as indicating the changes in the blacks, that they now express themselves most anxious to obtain arms. The black man who has the general superintendence of the colony, wished to land his force in Rockville, and drive the rebel soldiers, expressing the utmost confidence that, with about twenty old muskets that they had picked up, many of them with flint locks, he would be able to effect his object.

DEATH OF EX-SPEAKER PENNINGTON.—NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 16.—Ex-Speaker Pennington died at his residence this morning, aged 68.

FLAG-OFFICER GOLDSBOROUGH,

NAVAL COMMANDER AT ROANOKE ISLAND.

LATEST NEWS.

ATTACK ON FORT DONELSON.

THE STARS AND STRIPES WAVING OVER THE RIGHT WING—LOSS HEAVY ON BOTH SIDES—ONE OF GEN. GRANT'S BATTERIES TAKEN BY THE REBELS—RECAPTURED BY THE FEDERALS—EVACUATION OF BOWLING GREEN—SPRINGFIELD RETAKEN.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 16.—The city is perfectly wild with excitement and rejoicing at the announcement just made public, that the American flag now waves over the right wing of Fort Donelson.

The loss has been heavy on both sides.

CAIRO, Feb. 16.—[Special dispatch to the St. Louis Democrat.]—Commander Foote reached here at 12 o'clock last night on board the gunboat Conestoga. He stormed Fort Donelson on Friday afternoon, with the gunboats St. Louis, Louisville, Pittsburg, Carondolet, Tyler and Conestoga. After fighting a little over an hour he withdrew.

Fifty-four men were killed and wounded on our gunboats, pilots Riley and Henton being among the wounded.

Commander Foote, while standing on the pilot house of the St. Louis, his flag-ship, was slightly wounded.

The St. Louis was hit by 61 shot.

Two of the gunboats were disabled.

The Tyler and Conestoga remained out of the range of the enemies guns.

The line of battle was as follows: The St. Louis the right, next the Louisville, then the Pittsburg, and the Carondolet on the left.

The enemy's firing was very accurate. They had three batteries; one near the water's edge, one fifty feet above this, and a third fifty feet above the second. The upper one mounted four 18-pounders. This was held in reserve until our boats got within 400 yards of the fort.

Our fire was directed principally at the water battery. One of the enemy's guns burst, and a number were dismounted. The enemy could be seen carrying the dead out of their batteries.

All the gunboats were left up the Cumberland, except the Conestoga. She left there yesterday morning.

LATER.

A gentleman who left Fort Donelson yesterday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, and reached here at noon to-day, says that the fight had been going on all day yesterday.

The right wings of the enemy's fortifications were taken, and the stars and stripes were waving over them.

The forces were breast to breast, and the fight was to be renewed.

CAIRO, Feb. 16.—The steamer Minnehaha has arrived here from Fort Donelson, having left the fort at 5 o'clock last evening, bringing a military mail and dispatches, and 150 of the wounded to the hospital at Paducah.

The fight commenced on Thursday, and was continued on Friday and Saturday. The fighting during the latter was desperate.

The Illinois Eighteenth regiment suffered severely, and the Iowa Ninth sustained considerable loss.

Swartz's battery, which was taken by the enemy, was recaptured by our men.

The upper fort was taken at 4 o'clock, and the Union flag now floats over it.

The gunboats St. Louis, Louisville, and Pittsburg were disabled.

The Minnehaha met the mortar boats at Paducah, going up.

THE OFFICIAL DISPATCHES.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 16.—Dispatches received at headquarters say that all the gunboats are pretty effectually disabled, except one.

Commodore Foote was wounded twice, but not fatally.

The upper recoubt taken by our troops commands Fort Donelson, and Gen. Grant telegraphs that he would be able to capture that fort to-day, Sunday.

THE LAND ATTACK.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 16.—A special dispatch to the Democrat, dated in rear of Fort Donelson, Friday, P. M., says: Last night was very severe on our troops, rain having set in, which turned to snow, and it is freezing to-day; and old citizens say that they rarely have such cold weather in this latitude. The more I see of the fort, the more convinced am I that it cannot be reduced without a terrible battle. Its rear seems almost impregnable. The outer works and bastions of the fort are located on ridges 150 to 250 feet high, covered with timber and undergrowth. Upon a similar range of hills, outside of these our army is drawn up in line of battle, completely encircling the enemy from the Cumberland south of the fort to the back water of a stream which flanks the fort on the north. Gen. Oglesby, who has the extreme right, last night pushed forward his brigade to the Cumberland, and has planted a battery commanding the river, which will effectually prevent the arrival of any more reinforcements.

A formidable attempt was made last night to take Tyler's battery by the enemy, who approached under cover of the darkness, but they were gallantly repulsed by the Twentieth Illinois.

Considerable skirmishing occurred during the night, both parties endeavoring, during the darkness, to crawl in upon the other.

This morning it was discovered that the enemy had placed logs on top of their breastworks, leaving a little space for them to shoot through, and much diminishing their risks from the unerring aim of our sharpshooters.

The casualties among our artillery are thus far very small. The loss on the enemy's side, as far as can be ascertained, is considerable.

Yesterday afternoon, after the storming party had retired, and when the rebels had been thickly crowded together to repel the assault, Capt. Tyler opened on them with shell with terrible effect. His practice was superb, creating the greatest consternation in their ranks, and causing them to take refuge in their entrenchments.

The gunboat assault was terrific, exceeding even that at Fort Henry.

Com. Foote pronounced the engagement the hottest he ever witnessed.

The nine guns in the lower tier of the enemy's battery had been silenced, and everything was apparently progressing favorably, when the rudder chain of the Carondolet was severed.

One of our shells struck immediately under one of the rebel guns, throwing the gun and the bodies of the gunners high in the air. Great numbers of dead and wounded could be seen carried up the hill.

The steamer from Evansville brings reports that four of our colonels were killed yesterday afternoon, among them Col. John Logan, of Illinois. The names of the others were not mentioned.

REINFORCEMENT OF 20,000 MEN SENT—THE MORTAR FLEET PARTICIPATING—AN ATTACK BY 75,000 TROOPS.

LOUISVILLE, Sunday, Feb. 16—1 P. M.—Gen. Buell, his staff and body-guard, left on the Atlantic, with about twenty thousand men in thirty steamboats, for Fort Donelson.

They will reach the point of attack on Monday morning. More troops are on the way to assist them.

The mortar fleet from Cairo was at Paducah on Saturday, and can reach the fort this (Sunday) night.

The Cumberland river continues very high, and is navigable for the largest vessels.

By Monday noon we will have 75,000 men attacking Fort Donelson.

We have reports here from Bowling Green, which say that the rebel forces there, amounting to about twenty thousand men, left for Fort Donelson, several days ago, and are now within the works.—As they passed down, they burned the houses of Union men. The railroad was of little use to them, as the rolling stock is completely worn out, and all along the road are strewn broken cars.

It is also reported that the rebels have now 40,000 men defending the attacked post, including the Bowling Green reinforcements. We doubt, however, if they have 30,000.

The land forces on the Federal side are in command of Generals Grant, Smith and McClernand, while the naval expedition is under Commodore Foote.

The approach and attack of the mortar fleet will most probably decide the day.

Another report places Beauregard in command. The raising of the black flag confirms the statement that they have received reinforcements from Bowling Green.

The conflict on Monday (if the Fort has not been reduced on Sunday) will probably be the most terrific of the war.

GEN. BUELL telegraphs to Gen. McClellan that his advanced division had reached Bowling Green, and was making a bridge to cross Green river, the enemy having evacuated his strong works there, and destroyed the railroad bridge.

Gen. Mitchell's troops have crossed Barren river, and are now in possession of Bowling Green.

PRICE'S REAR GUARD ROUTED.—ST. LOUIS, Feb. 16.—Gen. Halleck has received dispatches from Gen. Curtis, stating that Gen. Price's rear guard was overtaken by the pursuit from Springfield, and after a brief resistance the rebels fled, leaving the road strewn with wagons and baggage.

Gen. Curtis reports having taken more prisoners than he knew what to do with.

FROM the upper Potomac we learn that Gen. Lander made a forced march on Thursday night, surprising and breaking up a rebel camp at Blooming Gap, killing thirteen rebels and capturing seventeen commissioned officers and forty-five privates, and losing but two men and six horses. He led the attack in person, at the head of the 1st Virginia regiment of cavalry. This opens the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to Hancock again.

CARDINAL MATHIEU being some time ago called upon to bless the engines of a new railway, took the opportunity to inveigh against steam and electricity as diabolical inventions. One of these engines breaking away accidentally, "hissed" his speech, and provoked great laughter.

REINFORCEMENTS for Ship Island and Port Royal have sailed recently.

☞ The Richmond Dispatch admits that the aggregate force of the rebels in the field is but 250,000.

☞ The greatest difficulty that an artist has in drawing crowds is to get them to sit.

A RAILROAD DREAM.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

"Corrupting the air with noisome smells" is an actionable nuisance,—See Blackstone, page 217, vol. 3, chap. 12—"Trespass" or "Private Wrongs."

Sitting in a railcar, flying on by steam,
Head against the casement, dreamed a curious dream;
Yet I could not think it all a thing ideal,
For though very monstrous, it was very real.

First there came a gentleman in his patent leather,
Collar, bosom, wristbands, overcoat for weather;
In the height of fashion, watch-key, hat and glove,
And with air professional—*spit* upon the stove.

Near him sat a parson, telling how the Lord
Sent the great revivals, blessed the preached word;
But my dream discovered he was not above
Honey-dew or fine-cut—spitting on the stove.

Next came a trader, pockets full of cash,
Talked about the country going all to smash;
"War and abolition, did the thing by Jove,"
Tipped his wicker bottle—spit upon the stove.

Then a jolly farmer, bragging of his wheat,
Thought his hogs and horses nowhere could be beat;
"Like to sell his Durhams by the head or drove,"
Kept his jaws a wagging—spit upon the stove.

Paddy thought 'twas "quare" like, to be sitting still,
All the whilst a goin' over bog and hill,
'Twas a glorious counthry, sure, as he could prove,—
Equal to his betters—spitting on the stove.

Witless, perfumed dandy, putting on his air,
Flourished diamond breastpin, smoked in forward car;
Talked about our army, "'twas too slow by Jove,"
Twirled a carrot moustache—spit upon the stove.

Little boy in short coat, wants to be a man,
Following example as the surest plan;
Watches gent and parson, copies every move,
And with Pat and trader—spits upon the stove.

Soon the flying railcar reeks with nauseous steam,
Ladies almost fainting, children in a scream;
Husband asking lady—"What's the matter, love?
Have a glass of water?"—spits upon the stove.

On we go, still flying, not a breath of air,
Fit for Christian people, in the crowded car;
Sickening, fainting, dying, ladies make a move,
Gent throws up the window—spits upon the stove.

Now perchance this dreaming was not all a dream;
Think I've had a steaming, travelling by steam;
'Tis a public nuisance, any one can prove,
"All the air corrupting—spitting on the stove."

Talk of ladies' flounces, ribbons, jewels, flowers,
Crinolines and perfumes, gossip, idle hours;
Put all faults together, which men can't approve,
And they're not a match for—spitting on the stove.

Men *will* call us "angels?" wonder if they think
Such a nauseous vapor, *angel meat and drink?*
Wonder if they'll do so, when they get "above?"
Below it *would be handier*—spitting on the stove.
—*Field Notes.*

LITTLE EDDIE, THE DRUMMER.

A Reminiscence of Wilson's Creek.

A few days before our regiment received orders to join Gen. Lyon, on his march to Wilson's Creek, the drummer of our company was taken sick and conveyed to the hospital, and on the evening preceding the day that we were to march, a negro was arrested within the lines of the camp, and brought before our Captain, who asked of him, "what business he had within the lines?" He replied, "I know a drummer that you would like to enlist in your company, and I have come to tell you of it." He was immediately requested to inform the drummer that if he would enlist for our short term of service, he would be allowed extra pay, and to do this he must be on the ground early in the morning. The negro was then passed beyond the guard.

On the following morning there appeared before the Captain's quarters, during the beating of the *reveille*, a good looking, middle-aged woman, dressed in deep mourning, leading by the hand a sharp, sprightly looking boy, apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age. Her story was soon told. She was from East Tennessee, where her husband had been killed by the rebels, and all their property destroyed. She had come to St. Louis in search of her sister, but not finding her, and being destitute of money, she thought if she could procure a situation for her boy as a drummer for the short time that we had to remain in the service, she could find employment for herself, and perhaps find her sister by the time we were discharged.

During the rehearsal of her story the little fellow kept his eyes intently fixed upon the countenance of the Captain who was about to express a determination not to take so small a boy, when he spoke out, "Don't be afraid, Captain, I can drum." This was spoken with so much confidence, that the Captain immediately observed, with a smile, "Well, well, Sergeant, bring the drum, and order our fifer to come forward." In a few moments the drum was produced, and our fifer, a tall, round shouldered, good-natured fellow, from the Dubuque mines, who stood, when erect, something over six feet in height, soon made his appearance.

Upon being introduced to his new comrade, he stooped down, with his hands resting upon his knees, that were thrown forward into an acute angle, and after peering into the little fellow's face a moment, he observed, "My little fellow, can you drum?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "I drummed for Captain Hill, in Tennessee." Our fifer immediately commenced straightening himself upward until all the angles in his person had disappeared, when he placed his fife in his mouth, and played the "Flowers of Edenborough," one of the most difficult things to follow with the drum that could have been selected, and nobly did the little fellow follow him, showing himself to be a master of the drum. When the music ceased, our Captain turned to the mother, and observed, "Madam, I will take your boy. What is his name?" "Edward Lee," she replied; then placing her hand upon the Captain's arm, she continued:—"Captain, if he is not killed—" here her maternal feelings overcame her utterance, and she bent down over her boy and kissed him upon the forehead. As she arose, she observed, "Captain, you will bring him back with you, won't you?" "Yes, yes," he replied, "we will be certain to bring him back with us. We shall be discharged in six months."

In an hour after, our company led the Iowa First out of camp, our drum and fife playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Eddie, as we called him, soon became a great favorite with the men in the company. When any of the boys had returned from a horticultural excursion, Eddie's share of the melons and peaches was the first apportioned out. During our heavy and fatiguing march from Rolla to Springfield, it was often amusing to see our long-legged fifer wading through the mud with our little drummer on his back, and always in that position when fording streams.

During the fight at Wilson's Creek, I was stationed with a portion of our company on the right of Totten's Battery, while the balance of our company, with a part of the Illinois Regiment, was ordered down into a deep ravine upon our left, in which it was known a portion of the enemy were concealed, with whom they were soon engaged. The contest in the ravine continuing some time, Totten suddenly wheeled his battery upon the enemy in that quarter, when they soon retreated to the high ground behind their own lines. In less than twenty minutes after Totten had driven the enemy from the ravine, the word passed from man to man through out the army, "Lyon is killed," and soon after, hostilities having ceased upon both sides, the order came for our main forces to fall back upon Springfield, while a part of the Iowa First and two companies of the Missouri regiment were to camp upon the ground and cover the retreat next morning. That night I was detailed for guard duty, my turn of guard closing with the morning call. When I went out with the officer as a relief, I found that my post was on a high eminence that overlooked the deep ravine in which our men had engaged the enemy until Totten's Battery came to their assistance. It was a dreary, lonesome beat. The moon had gone down in the early part of the night, while the stars twinkled dimly through a hazy atmosphere, lighting up imperfectly the surrounding objects. Occasionally I would place my ear near the ground and listen for the sound of footsteps, but all was silent save the far-off howling of the wolf, that seemed to scent upon the evening air the banquet that we had been preparing for him. The hours passed slowly away, when at length the morning light began to streak along the eastern sky, making surrounding objects more plainly visible. Presently I heard a drum beat up the morning call. At first I thought it came from the camp of the enemy across the creek; but as I listened I found that it came up from the deep ravine; for a few minutes it was silent, and then, as it became more light, I heard it again. I listened—the sound was familiar to me—and I knew that it was

Our drummer-boy from Tennessee
Beating for help the reveille.

I was about to desert my post to go to his assistance, when I discovered the officer of the guard approaching with two men. We all listened to the sound, and were satisfied that it was Eddie's drum. I asked permission to go to his assistance. The officer hesitated, saying that the orders were to march in twenty minutes. I promised to be back in that time, and he consented. I immediately started down the hill through the thick undergrowth, and upon reaching the valley, I followed the sound of the drum, and soon found him seated upon the ground, his back leaning against the trunk of a fallen tree, while his drum hung upon a bush in front of him, reaching nearly to the ground. As soon as he discovered me, he dropped his drumsticks and exclaimed: "Oh, Corporal, I am so glad to see you! Give me a drink," reaching out his hand for my canteen, which was empty. I immediately turned to bring him some water from the brook that I could hear rippling through the bushes near by, when, thinking that I was about to leave him, he commenced crying, saying, "Don't leave me, Corporal—I can't walk." I was soon back with the water, when I discovered that both of his feet had been shot away by a cannon ball. After satisfying his thirst, he looked up into my face, and said: "You don't think I will die, Corporal, do you? This man said I would not—he said the surgeon could cure my feet." I now discovered a man lying in the grass near him. By his dress I recognized him as belonging to the enemy. It appeared that he had been shot through the bowels, and had fallen near where Eddie lay. Knowing that he could not live, and seeing the condition of the boy, he had crawled to him, taken off his buckskin suspenders, and corded the little fellow's legs below the knee, and then lay down and died. While he was telling me these particulars, I heard the tramp of cavalry coming down the ravine, and in a moment a scout of the enemy was upon us, and I was taken prisoner. I requested the officer to take Eddie up in front of him, and he did so, carrying him with great tenderness and care. When we reached the camp of the enemy the little fellow was dead.

It is now about two weeks since I made my escape from McCulloch's grasp. I have re-enlisted for the war, and as we are likely to be in camp for some time, I may write again of other scenes through which I have passed.

☞ "I am all heart," said a military officer to his comrade. "Pity you're not part pluck," said the colonel in command.

I REMEMBER.

A pair of blue eyes—long, sunny-brown curls, and lips that would make you think of ripe cherries, as much as those cheeks would of roses.

I remember a pair of dimpled arms and shoulders, a large straw hat wreathed with flowers—and a crimson frock trimmed with white braid—a pair of red morocco shoes and pinafore.

I remember a little brown cottage among the maples, where a laughing, babbling stream meandered by, and the birds sang all day long—the steep hill at the right—the garden with its wealth of "marigolds," "touch-me-nots" and "evening beauties," the porch festooned with "morning-glories," the gravelled path bordered with pinks leading to the gate—the old well with its iron-bound bucket, and unwieldly sweep and moss-lined curb—and martin-box, and the white curtains at the parlor windows.

I remember the blue skies—and downy clouds flecked with crimson, and starry nights when the moon shone, and winter nights when the snow lay on the ground, when there was chiming of bells and peals of laughter. I remember snatches of rhyme and pattering of little feet—and the noise of playful chattering to dolls—and the chime of broken dishes, and certain performances on jewsharps.

I remember a great deal more than all this. I remember a day when toys and dolls were gathered up and put away by careful hands—when the little worn red shoes, and crimson frock, and white pinafore were laid away, almost sacredly, in an unused drawer up stairs—when there was no laughter—no pattering of footsteps. When the crib was shoved back against the wall, and the little empty chair was put back in a distant corner. I remember tears and moans—and a little calm, dead face in a coffin.

Dead! did I say *dead!* No, no, *that* cannot be; you are living in my heart, in my memory, darling; living where no sickness or pain can come, no death destroy. In *Heaven*, thank God!

There is a little grave out under the maples—there are many such little graves; there are very many broken hearts. Well it is there is *One* who can heal them.

There are many vacant cribs, and empty chairs, and desolate homes. What should we do if He had not said—

"Suffer little children to come unto me!"

Let me see the little crib, and chair and crimson dress, and the red shoes, and the white pinafore; don't hide them away. Strew the playthings that she loved, the bits of broken china, the jewsharp, the dolls, and paper dresses all around. I may shed tears over them, but they'll not be bitter ones. The prints of little fingers upon the furniture, don't erase them! the marks of little footsteps here and there, don't efface them; the little hat with faded flowers twisted around it, let it hang where her little hands put it; that won't grieve me now; don't turn up the dog-eared leaves of her little soiled primmer; her fingers made them. Put a plate at the table where she used to sit, and a high chair at its place—it will seem the more as if she were a play or running in the garden; not as if we had shut her out; not as if she were *dead!*

I remember; aye, and who does not remember? Who is there on the wide earth who has not some sacred memory hid away from the prying eyes of the world?—some recollection between which and mammon's worshipper a veil is forever drawn? Who could quite forget if he would? aye, who would quite forget if he could?

THE ART OF NOT-HEARING.

The art of Not-Hearing should be taught in every well-regulated family. It is full as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, many which we ought not to hear, very many which if heard will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness,—that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds, according to their pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If, in my quiet voyage of life, I find myself caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my ears as a sailor furls his sails, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks might do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

Does a gadding, mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get in any farther. Does the collector of neighborhood scandal task my ear as a warehouse, it instinctively shuts up. Some people feel very anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken ill of them, they set about searching the matter and finding out. If all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of mosquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring in upon me all the tattle of careless or spiteful people. If you would be happy among good men, open your ears; when among bad, shut them. And as the throat has a muscular arrangement by which it takes care of the air-passages of its own accord, so the ears should be trained to an automatic dullness of hearing! It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whom you have rejected from your door; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business, or your dress.

This art of *Not-Hearing*, though not taught in the schools, is by no means unknown, or unpractised in society. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or a vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.

There are two doors inside my ears, a right-hand door leading to the heart, and a left-hand door with a broad and steep passage, leading out into the open air. This last door receives all ugliness, profanity, vulgarity, mischief-making, which suddenly find themselves outside of me.

Judicious teachers and indulgent parents save young urchins a world of trouble by a convenient deafness. Bankers and brokers often are extremely hard of hearing, when unsafe borrowers are importunate. I never hear a man who runs after me in the street, bawling my name at the top of his voice; nor those who talk evil of those who are absent; nor those who give me unasked advice about my own affairs; nor those who talk largely about things of which they are ignorant.

If there are sounds of kindness, of mirth, of love, open fly my ears! But temper, or harshness, or hatred, or vulgarity, or flattery, shuts them. If you keep your garden gate shut, your flowers and fruit will be safe. If you keep your doors closed no thief will run off with your silver; and if you keep your ears shut your heart will lose neither its flowers nor its treasures.

HABITS OF HUSBANDS.

The habits of husbands, with regard to the treatment of their wives, are so various that the question can only be answered by individual specimens of each mode:—

Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them "good-bye, dear," in the tone of unwearied love; and whether it be policy or fact, it has all the effect of that, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, provided always that their wives are appreciated and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We knew an old gentleman who lived with his wife over fifty years, and never left his home without the kiss, and the "good-bye, dear."

Some husbands shake hands with their wives and hurry off as fast as possible, as though the efforts were a something they were anxious to forget, hold their heads down, and dart around the first corner.

Some husbands say only "well, wife, I am going," and start at the word "go," which comes to them from some back retreat.

Some husbands, before leaving home, ask very tenderly, "what would you like for dinner, my dear?" knowing all the while that she will select something for his particular palate, and off he goes.

Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning round at the last point of observation, and waving an adieu at the pleasant face at the window.

Some husbands never say a word, rising from the breakfast-table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind.

Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, apparently thinking that such a course will keep things straight in their absence.

Then on returning.

Some husbands come home jolly and happy, unsoured by the world, some sulky and surly with its disappointments.

Some husbands bring home a newspaper or a book, and bury themselves in the contents.

Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagements, some doze in speechless stupidity on a sofa, till bed time.

Some husbands are curious to learn of their wives what has transpired through the day; others are attracted by nothing short of a child's tumbling down stairs, or the house taking fire.

"Depend upon it," says Dr. Spooner, "that home is the happiest, where kindness, and interest, and politeness, and attention, are the rules on the part of husbands—of course all the responsibility rests with them, and temptation finds no footing there."

SADNESS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Let us sing and sigh!
Let us sigh and sing!
Sunny haunts have no such pleasures
As the shadows bring!

Who would seek the crowd,
Who would seek the noon,
That could woo the pale maid Silence
Underneath the moon!

Smiles are things for youth,
Things for a merry rhyme;
But the voice of pity suiteth
Any mood or time.

The Temper Disease.—The Edinburgh Review says:—"There are certain moments before dinner when most men suffer what the late Dr. Marshall Hall called the temper disease; the amiable become suddenly unamiable, and the best of us snappish; the *morale* of the individual is entirely altered." The Review pronounces it unquestionable that this state of things is owing to the temporary changes in the blood, acting on the brain until rectified by fresh supplies of nutriment from the stomach.

☞ No falsifier is likely to have much success in catching victims, unless he keeps enough truth about him to bait his hook with.

The Bobolink and the Sportsman—A Fable.

A Bobolink, whose lucky lot
It was to dodge a sportsman's shot,
Perched on a hemlock-bough, began
To taunt the disappointed man:—

"Click! bang! Put in more powder, Mister!
Tall shooting that! Call in your sister!
Shoot with a shovel, you'd do better!
Ha! Rip-si-dady! I'm your debtor!
Chick-a-dee-dee! Don't pine in sorrow!
You couldn't do it. Call to-morrow!
You'll always find me in, Tip-wheet!
You're a great fool! Hip! Zip! Bang! Skeet!
Lick-a-tee-split! No, no! you can't!
My best remembrance to your Aunt!
Chick-a-tee-tee! Tip-wheet! I never!
Felt better! Bobolinks for ever!
You thought you had me fast asleep.
Excuse my laughing: you look cheap.
Come, try again; don't quit your gaming;
I feel so safe when you are aiming!"

The sportsman angry grew: another
Drew near, and thus addressed his brother:
"When your attempts to injure fail,
Complain not if your victim rail."

ARMIES.

The best formation for troops on a day of battle has long been a matter of dispute. The Spaniards adhered to the legion till artillery completed a change; the Scandinavians attacked in the form of a half moon; the Anglo-Saxons preferred the Greek wedge. But modern tacticians have but three chief shapes for a body of infantry—one passive and two active—the square, the line, the column. Napoleon had a deep affection for the column; he trusted to the brilliant valor of the officers and veterans who formed the head of the armed serpent. The steely dragon did its work well for many a day, though at Waterloo it proved unequal to the line. The column has this inherent defect, that it may be raked and decimated by artillery and musketry, while it can do nothing but advance. A line, on the other hand, has the advantage of weight of fire, and that of the facility with which it can be formed into square; but it is thin, and can easily be pierced if cannon-shot and platoon-fire fail to discourage the assailants. A square, again, though proof against horse, is a mere target for gunnery.

Armies are always divided into two classes—the flying columns and the regular forces. The former must carry all they want with them, munitions, food, everything. Almost all the old armies we read of were flying columns, cut off from reinforcements and supplies, bodies of men that had cast their lot in a hostile land to do or die. This answered better in the rude old days when war fed war, and when an invader lived on forced contributions, than it could possibly do in these times of respect for private property and public rights; besides, a flying column is easily disheartened; its component parts must win victories, or despair and surrender. But a regular army has its own difficulties; it must have its base of operations on the frontier or seacoast, and this must be wide in proportion to the distance of its furthest advance. Stores, wounded, prisoners, reserve—these, and more, must stay in the rear, and the communication must be kept up by stationing powerful *corps d'armee* at short intervals. Supposing our lively neighbors the absolute lords of the narrow seas, and two hundred thousand men actually landed on the coast of Sussex, scarcely fifty thousand troops could be spared for that apex of the widening pyramid which should reach London. In scientific war, at least three soldiers are needed to protect the supplies and communications of the one who does the fighting; and, without deep calculation and care, especially in these modern days, mere brute courage avails little. Valor is an integral part of soldiership, but, as the Gallic veteran observed as he watched our cavalry charge at Balaklava, it is very magnificent, but it is not *war!*—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

DISADVANTAGES OF LARGE ARMIES

We read with wonder, in our school-days, of the victories of Alexander, when half Asia lay prostrate before the arms of a handful of Greeks and Arnauts, eked out by recruits picked up among the conquered, and trained in Grecian discipline by Macedonian captains. But if history teaches any lesson at all, it is that an unwieldy armament is a cause of weakness, not of strength. Those great hosts whose numbers still look so imposing on paper. A huge army needs heaven-born commissary-generals, quartermaster-generals, adjutants, and staff; its demands for transport, roads, food, physic, clothing and money, are bewildering, and its very size impedes its movements. The causes of delay are hydra-headed; evils multiply themselves like the nails in those famous horse-shoes that exhausted the treasury of a sultan. Hunger is followed by pestilence; Death cuts the thick grass with a trenchant scythe: the great machine is broken by its own weight. On the other hand, almost all the brilliant victories on record have been won by small forces opposed to an overgrown and over-confident adversary. Cressy and Poitiers, Agincourt and Bannockburn, Marathon and Cannæ, point the same moral. Even Napoleon, with all the advantages of steady discipline and the resources of a continent, did but little good with the half-million of men he set in motion for Russia. Bloody, bootless Borodino cannot take place with Arcola or Lodi on the file of great deeds. We need scarcely wonder, then, that Alexander and Clive, at a distance of many centuries, were respectively able to overcome, with a small body of well-drilled Europeans, the disorderly masses of the Oriental world. Garibaldi is not the first chieftain who has found a small army the most to his purpose.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

☞ An English paper remarks:—"The Prince of Wales will be ultimately found to have more stuff in him than the world at present gives him credit for."

SHOOTING AN EAGLE.

He wheeled round for a while, and then perched on the very summit of the precipice, about 200 yards off, on a dead tree, and never once ceased gazing at me in my concealment for two full hours. I watched him the whole time with my telescope through the small porthole in my screen, and saw distinctly that he was occupied uninterruptedly and exclusively in discovering if I was inside or not. His countless various movements with the head, neck, and eyes were in a high degree interesting. Bitterly uncomfortable as it was to do so, I still resolved not to stir, as his cunning would assuredly have discovered the least movement on my part. Those were two painful hours. At last he spread his large pinions, and with a single rush shot away from the rock and disappeared over the ridge. I thought, should he not have observed me, he will certainly think all is right; and will go to fetch provender for his young, if, on the contrary, he does not return, then he assuredly has seen me in spite of my concealment. An hour had scarcely passed, when I suddenly heard a rushing noise, and at the same moment he had already flown past the eyrie. In doing so he had, with a dexterity equal to his cunning, flung sideways to his offspring a roe-kid which he held in his talons, and then, instantaneously folding his long wings close to his body, dropped like a stone through the air, a distance of 200 feet; when suddenly, as with a start spreading out his pinions, he began to wheel about quietly as before. All this was the work of a moment, so that it never once entered my head to fire. The extreme cunning of the creature in letting himself fall in this way completely stupified me. If he does so always, then, I thought, I do not know how I am to hit him. Just after five o'clock I heard again the same rushing sound, and again, before I could even think of firing, he had dropped down and vanished in the deep, flinging food to his young in the nest, and securing himself against any chance of danger just in the same way as he had done in the forenoon. This time, however, I remarked that, while with his talons he flung the food in the eyrie, he simultaneously flapped twice very quickly with his wings, there being so little room for him while thus close to the rock, and then dropped downwards through the air. So I determined, should he do the same to-morrow, to take my chance, and fire just at this instant of time; short enough, it is true; but to hit him at any other moment seemed to me an impossibility. That he would fly into his eyrie was not at all likely, for he knew very well why he proceeded thus and not otherwise. This morning I rose at one and returned home at seven in the evening; sixteen whole hours, fourteen of which I spent sitting on the same spot; a task for which a certain amount of patience is indispensable. Went again next morning at half-past one, to my place of ambush, which, as I had to climb up there in the dark, was not exactly very agreeable. At four o'clock the eagle came, wheeled around for a time, then alighted exactly as he did yesterday, and peered down towards me for full an hour. Then he flew away with great rapidity; and I thought now he fancies himself safe, he is gone to fetch food, and will most certainly soon be back. However, five long hours passed without my seeing anything. I was so overpowered by sleep, it was hardly possible to resist it; for to sit thus hour after hour in expectation, and always ready to fire, is very tiring; but excitement conquered my drowsiness, and at last, at half past eight, I heard the much wished-for rush of the eagle's wings I aimed quickly, without seeing him as yet at the spot I had noted; pulled the trigger at the moment when, rushing past the eyrie, as yesterday, flinging in the food, he made two quick strokes with his pinions, in order with folded wings to drop below, and saw him happily go tumbling downwards. During the many hours which since eight days I had passed up here, I had occupied myself, in the quiet moments, with cutting my name in the trunk of the yew-tree, as well as the date,—a memento for those who, perhaps, at some future time, may again lie in ambush here for an eagle. I now descended, fetched the eagle, and hastened with my prize to Rohrmoos, to make arrangements for getting at the young bird.—*Forest Creatures.*

Crying Babies.—Little books on natural history tell us that if a cricket were as large as an elephant, his chirp would be heard from London to Constantinople. On what exact data this interesting calculation is founded does not quite appear, but if there is any truth in it, we should suppose, by a parallel process of reasoning, that if an infant were as large as an adult person, its cries, when hungry or in pain, would be heard at least as far as from London to Paris. The vulgar notion is, that this tremendous power of vociferation has been bestowed by Providence, in order that the small helpless individual, termed a baby, may have the best chance possible of attracting the notice of friends, and the public in general to its wants and necessities. The ingenious Mr. Darwin would, of course, explain the matter differently. Babies have acquired the faculties of roaring through the process of natural selection. It was originally a mere accident—a sport of nature. But being a profitable modification of infant functions, it turned the nicely balanced scale in the struggle for life, and gradually became the common property of baby-hood. Crying babies flourished and multiplied—silent babies became rarer and rarer, and are now an extinct species.—*Saturday Review.*

Parson Twiss, of New Hampshire, had just married a lady whose Christian name was Desire, and it being in his course of remark on a certain Sabbath to illustrate the difference between the renewed and unrenewed man in the exercise of love, he delivered himself, to the amusement of his audience, in this way:—"Formerly, I had no Desire to love, but now I have a Desire to love, and I love freely."

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

C. D. P.—Ob. Oct. 29, 1861.

The night is late, the house is still;
The angels of the hour fulfill
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch, in cares of love.
They drop into thy dreams, sweet wife,
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
And lay on Baby's lips a kiss,
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;
And, as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's Sake."

My listening heart takes up the strain,
And gives it to the night again,
Fitted with words of lowly praise,
And patience learned of mournful days,
And memories of the dead child's ways.

His will be done, His will be done!
Who gave and took away my son,
In "the far land" to shine and sing
Before the Beautiful, the King,*
Who every day doth Christmas make,
All star'd and bell'd for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;
I will anoint me where he lies,
And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's House, and leave my sin
Without, and seat me at his board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling, come to me.†
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed—for Charlie's sake, and mine.

I'm very poor—his slender stone
Marks all the narrow field I own;
Yet, patient husbandman, I till
With faith and prayers, that precious hill,
Sow it with penitential pains,
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains:
Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not—
Whether or figs or thistles make
My crop, content for Charlie's sake.

I have no houses, builded well—
Only that little lonesome cell,
Where never romping playmates come,
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb—
An April burst of girls and boys,
Their rainbowed cloud of glooms and joys,
Born with their songs, gone with their toys;
Nor ever is its stillness stirred
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,
Or mother's twilight legend, told
Of Homer's pie, or Tiddler's gold,
Or Fairy, hobbling to the door,
Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor,
To bless the good child's gracious eyes,
The good child's wistful charities,
And crippled changeling's hunch to make
Dance on his crutch, for good child's sake.

How is it with the child? 'Tis well;
Nor would I any miracle
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance:
I would not any Seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face,
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality.
No, Shunammite! I would not break
God's stillness. Let them weep who wake.‡

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest:
No comfort like his mother's breast,
No praise like hers; no charm expressed
In direst forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird's caressed
That Death left lonely in the nest;
For Charlie's sake my heart is dressed,
As for its birth-day, in its best;
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice, for Charlie's sake. ***

* Isaiah xxxiii., 17. † 2 Samuel, xii., 16, 23. ‡ 2 Kings, iv., 26, 29, 34.

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

Soon all was bustle in the camp. The Gambusinos were busily engaged in destroying the entrenchments, loading the wagons, and saddling the horses; in short, everybody made preparations for a hurried departure.

"Did you not tell me, Marksman," asked Brighteye, "that you were picked up by Flying Eagle?"

"Yes," the other answered.

"Did the Chief leave you at once, then?"

"No; he followed me to the camp, and so did Eglantine."

"Heaven be praised! He will accompany me on my expedition; he is a brave and experienced warrior; his help, I believe, will be very necessary to the success of my plans. Where is he?"

"A few steps off; let us go and find him, for I have also something to say to him."

The two hunters left the camp together. They soon perceived Flying Eagle, squatting by a fire, and calmly smoking his Indian calumet; his wife sat motionless by his side, anxious to satisfy his slightest wish.

On seeing the hunters, the Chief took the pipe from his mouth, and saluted them courteously.

Brighteye knew that the Comanche had taken several measurements of the footsteps left by Don Estevan on his flight, and he wished to ask the Chief for them, as he hoped to employ them in following his enemy's trail. The Indian gave them to him without the slightest hesitation. The hunter placed them carefully in his bosom, with a nod of satisfaction.

"Eh!" he muttered to himself. "This will enable me to find one end of the trail; with the help of heaven, I hope that I shall soon hold the other."

In the meantime, Marksman had seated himself by Flying Eagle's side.

"Does my red brother still intend to return to his tribe?" he asked him.

"The sachem has been absent for a long time," the Indian answered; "his sons are anxious to see him."

"Good!" the hunter said; "it should be so. Flying Eagle is a renowned chief; his sons have need of him."

"The Comanches are too wise to notice the absence of a warrior."

"My brother is modest; but his heart flies toward the village of his fathers."

"Are not all men the same?"

"That is true; the feeling of one's country is innate in the heart of man."

"The palefaces are raising their camp."

"Yes."

"Are they returning to the side of the great Salt Lake, into their stone villages?"

"No; they are starting for a great buffalo hunt in the prairies, down by the endless river with the golden waves."

"Wah!" the Chief said, with a certain degree of emotion; "then many moons will pass ere I see my brother again."

"Why so, Chief?"

"Does not the great pale hunter accompany his brothers?"

"No!" Marksman answered, laconically.

"Och! my brother must be laughing. What will the palefaces do, if he does not accompany them?"

"I am going in the direction of the sun!"

The Indian started, and fixed a piercing glance on the speaker.

"The direction of the sun," he said, as if speaking to himself.

"Yes," Marksman continued; "to the evergreen prairies of the country of Acatlan,* on the banks of the fair streams of Atonatiah."†

The Chief started violently. Marksman remained calm, and apparently indifferent, although he attentively followed the various emotions which contracted the Chief's features, in spite of the mask he tried to draw over them.

"My brother is wrong," he said, presently.

"Why so?"

"My brother is ignorant that this land of which he speaks is sacred. Never has the foot of a white man trodden it with impunity."

"I know it," the hunter answered, carelessly.

"My brother knows it, and persists in going there?"

"Yes."

There was a silence of several moments' duration between the two men, the Indian hastily puffing the smoke from his calumet, a prey to an emotion he could not master. At length he spoke again.

"Every man has his destiny," he said, in that sententious tone peculiar to the Indians. "My brother doubtless attaches a great importance to this journey."

"An immense importance, Chief; I am going to that country, though perfectly aware of the perils that await us, for interests of value, and impelled by a will more powerful than my own."

"Good! I do not ask my brother's secrets. The heart of a man is his own; he alone must read in it. Flying Eagle is a powerful sachem; he also follows that road; he will protect his pale brother, if the hunter means no evil."

"He means none."

"Wah! my brother has the word of a Chief; I have spoken."

After uttering these words, the Indian took up his calumet again, and began smoking silently. Marksman was too conversant with Indian manners to press him further. He rose, with joy in his heart at having succeeded in obtaining an ally so powerful as the Comanche Chief, and he went in all haste to make the preparations for departure.

For their part, during the conversation we have reported, the Gambusinos had not remained inactive. Don Miguel or Don Leo, whichever it pleases the reader to call him, had so urged on his men, that everything was ready,—wagons loaded and horsed, and the riders mounted, with rifle on thigh, only awaited the signal for setting out.

Don Miguel selected from his band fifteen old Gambusinos, practised in Indian tricks, and in whom he believed he could trust. He said a few words to them, explanatory of his intentions, and placed them under Ruperto's command, with orders to obey him, as they would himself. The Gambusinos swore to do so.

This duty accomplished, he summoned Domingo. The Gambusino came up to his Chief with that cunningly indolent manner familiar to him, and waited respectfully for his orders. When Domingo learned what was expected from him, he was in no way flattered by the confidential commission his Chief gave him, especially as he was not at all anxious to be under the immediate supervision of Marksman, whose peering glance incessantly occasioned him a nervous tremor, and whose assiduous watchfulness was most disagreeable to him. Still, as it was impossible openly to disobey Don Miguel, the worthy Gambusino made up his mind for the worst, making himself a secret promise to keep on his guard, and double his prudence.

When Don Miguel had completed all the duties of a wise and intelligent Chief, he mounted his horse, though with difficulty, owing to the weakness occasioned by his wounds. He placed himself at the head of his band, to the right of Brighteye, and after giving a parting salutation to Don Mariano and Marksman, he ordered his men to start.

The two parties set out immediately, that led by Ruperto turning to the left, and proceeding toward the mountains, and Brighteye, with his men, temporarily following the course of the Rubio.

All now left in the deserted camp were Marksman, Don Mariano, Flying Eagle, Eglantine, the two servants, and Domingo, who followed with a look of envy his gradually disappearing comrades.

The old hunter, for reasons he kept secret, did not wish to set out before sunset.—Scarcely had that planet disappeared on the horizon, amid floods of vapors, ere the night set in, and the landscape was almost immediately plunged in dense gloom.

* The country of reeds.
† Sun of the water.

We have already several times remarked that, in high American latitudes, there is no twilight, or, at least, it is so weak, that night arrives almost without any transition.

Marksman, since the departure of the two first detachments, had not uttered a syllable, or made a movement; his comrades, doubtless for motives resembling his own, respected their Chief's silence, but night had scarcely set in, ere the hunter rose sharply.

"Start!" he said, in a quick voice.

All rose. Marksman took an inquiring glance around.

"Leave the horses," he said; "they are useless to us. We are not going to begin a journey, but a man hunt. We must be unimpeded in our movements, for the trail we shall follow is difficult. Juanito, you will remain here with the animals until you hear from us."

The creole made a sign of discontent.

"I should have preferred to follow you, and not quit my master," he said.

"I understand that, but I want a courageous and resolute man to guard our horses, and I cannot select a better one than you; besides, I trust that you will not remain alone long. Still, as we do not know what route we shall have to follow, or what obstacles may arise, build yourself a tent. Hunt, do what you think proper, but remember that you must not stir from this place without my orders."

"That is agreed, compadre," Juanito answered; "you can start when you please. If your journey were to last six months, you will be certain to find me here on your return."

"Good!" Marksman said; "I reckon on you."

Then he whistled his mustang, which ran up at the summons, and laid its intelligent head on its master's shoulder. It was a noble animal, rather tall, with a small head, but its eyes flashed with ardor, its wide chest, its firm and nervous legs, all denoted the blood-horse. Marksman seized the reata which hung from a ring fixed to the saddle, unfastened it, rolled it round his body, and then, giving the mustang a light tap on the croup, watched it depart with a sigh of regret.

The hunter's comrades were provided with their arms and provisions, consisting of pemican, or buffalo meat, dried and pounded, and maize tortillas.

"Come, let us start," the Canadian said, throwing his rifle over his shoulder.

"A pleasant journey, and happy return," Juanito said, unable to prevent himself accompanying that adieu by a sigh, in which it could be easily read how vexed he felt at being thus left behind.

"Thanks," the adventurers answered.

So soon as they left the camp, they walked in Indian file, that is to say, one behind the other, the second placing his foot exactly in the steps of the first, and the third in those of the second, and so on to the last. The latter, however, as closing the march, was careful to efface, as far as was possible, the traces left by himself and those who preceded him.

Juanito, after looking after them for some minutes, as they descended the mound, at the top of which the camp was, cautiously returned, and seated himself by the fire.

"Hum," he muttered, "I shall not have much fun here, but what must be must be."

And with this philosophical reflection, the worthy Mexican lit his cigarette, and began smoking peacefully, while following with interest the blue wreaths fantastically entwined by the evening breeze that rose from the smoke of his Havana tobacco, whose perfume he inhaled with all the methodic phlegm of a true Indian Sagamore.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A HUNT IN THE PRAIRIE—(*concluded.*)

In the new world, when people are travelling in Indian regions, and do not desire to be tracked by the Redskins, they must be careful to go to the east, if their business lies in the west, and *vice versa*; in a word, imitate the manœuvres of a ship, which, if surprised by a contrary wind, is obliged to tack, and thus gradually approaches the point it wishes to reach.

Marksman was too conversant with the cleverness and craft of the Indians not to act in a similar fashion. Although the presence of Flying Eagle was, to a certain point, a guarantee of security, still, not knowing with what Indian tribe accident might bring him in contact, Marksman resolved not to be discovered by anybody, were that possible.

Fenimore Cooper, the immortal historian of the North American Indians, has, in his excellent works, initiated us into the tricks employed by the Tuscaroras, Mohicans, and Hurons, when they wish to foil the researches of their enemies; but, no offence to the numerous admirers of the sagacity of young Uncas, a magnificent type of the Delaware nation (of which he was not, however, the last hero, for it still exists, though sadly diminished,) the Indians of the United States are only children, when compared with the Comanches, Apaches, Pawnees, and other nations of the great western prairies, who may justly be regarded as their master in every respect.

The reason is very simple and easy of comprehension.

The northern tribes never existed in the condition of political powers. Each of them governs itself separately, and, to some extent, according to its fancy. The Indians composing them rarely ally themselves with their neighbors, and have, from time immemorial, constantly led a nomadic life. Hence they have only possessed the instincts (though highly developed, we grant,) of men constantly inhabiting the forests; that is to say, a marvellously agility, a great fineness of hearing, and a miraculous length of sight—qualities, by the way, which may be also found in the Arabs, and generally in all wandering tribes, whatever be the nook of earth that shelters them.

As for their sagacity and skill, the wild beasts taught them, and they only had the trouble of imitating them.

The Mexican Indians join to the advantages we have mentioned the remains of an advanced civilization—a civilization which, since the Conquest, has taken refuge in inaccessible lurking-places, but, for all that, no less exists.

The families, or tribes, regard themselves as the members of one great whole—the nation.

Now, the American nations, continually fighting with the Spaniards on one side, and the North Americans on the other, have felt the necessity of doubling their strength, in order to triumph over the two formidable enemies who incessantly harass them, and their descendants have gradually modified what was injurious in their manners, to appropriate those of their oppressors, and combat them with their own weapons. They have carried these tactics so far—which have hitherto saved them, not only from serfdom, but also from extermination—that they are perfect masters in trickery and cunning; their ideas have grown larger, their intelligence has been developed, and they have ended by surpassing their enemies in craft and diplomacy, if we may employ the expression. And this is so true, that for the last three hundred years the Mexicans have not only failed in subduing, but in preventing their periodical incursions, which the Comanches proudly call the *Mexican Moon*, and during which they destroy everything they come across with impunity.

Can we really regard as savages these men, who, formerly driven back by the dread of fire arms and the sight of horses, animals of whose existence they were ignorant, and compelled to conceal themselves in inaccessible ravines, have yet defended their territory inch by inch, and, in certain districts, have actually reconquered a portion of their old estates?

Better than any one, we know that there are savages in America, savages in the fullest sense of the term; but they have proved a cheap conquest, and they daily disappear from the earth, for they possess neither the necessary intelligence to understand, nor the energy to defend themselves. These savages to whom we allude, before being subject to the Spaniards or Anglo-Americans, were so to the Mexicans, the Peruvians, and the Araucanos of Chili, owing to their intellectual organization, which scarce elevates them above the brutes.

We must not confound this race of helots, who are an exception in the genus, with the great untamed nations whose manners, necessarily alluring, we are attempting to portray here; for, in spite of the efforts they make to withdraw themselves from its influence, that European civilization they despise rather through the hereditary hatred of their conquerors and the whole race generally, than from any other motive, surrounds, crushes, and invades them on all sides.

In Mexico itself, since the period when that country proclaimed its so-called independence, all the eminent men who have risen either in arts, diplomacy, or war, belong to the pure Indian race. In support of our statement, we will cite a fact of immense significance:—The best history of Southern America, published up to this day, was written by an Inca, Garcilasso de la Vega. Is not this conclusive? Is it not time to condemn all those systematically absurd theories which insist on representing the red family as a bastard race, incapable of amelioration, and fatally destined to disappear?

Ending here this digression, which is perhaps too lengthy, but is indispensable for the due comprehension of the facts that follow, we will take up our narrative again, at the point where we broke it off.

After a march of three hours, rendered fatiguing and difficult by the lofty grass, the adventurers reached the skirt of the forest. About midnight, Marksman, after allowing his comrades two hours' rest, started again.

At sunrise they reached a species of *canon*, or narrow gorge, formed by two walls of perpendicular rocks, and were constrained to march for four hours in the bed of a half dried-up torrent, in which their footsteps fortunately left no mark.

During several days their journey over abrupt and desolate mountains was effected with great toil, but did not offer any incident worthy of narration. At length they found themselves again in the region of the *tierras calientes*; the verdure reappeared, and the heat became sensible. Hence the adventurers, who had suffered extremely from the cold in the lofty regions of the Serrania, experienced a feeling of marked comfort on inhaling the gentle and perfumed atmosphere, in contemplating the azure sky and dazzling sun which had now taken the place of a grey and leaden sky, and the limited, fog-laden horizon, which they had left behind them.

Toward the end of the fourth day after leaving the mountains, Marksman uttered a shout of satisfaction, on noticing the skirt of the immense virgin forest, toward which he was marching, rise in the distant azure of the prairie.

"Courage, my friends!" he said; "we shall soon obtain the shadow and freshness lacking here."

The adventurers, without replying, hurried their steps, like men who perfectly appreciated the value of the promise made them.

Night had completely set in, when they reached the banks of a rather high river, whose vicinity the tall grass had concealed from them, although for some minutes they had heard the continued rustling of the water over the pebbles. Marksman resolved to wait till the next day, and look for a ford.

The party camped, but the fire was prudently not lighted. The adventurers wrapped themselves in their zarapes, after taking a scanty meal, and soon fell asleep. Marksman alone watched.

Gradually the moon sunk on the horizon; the stars began to dim and go out in the depths of the sky. The hunter, whose eyes fatigue closed against his will, was about to yield to sleep, when suddenly a strange and unexpected sound made him start. He drew himself up, as if he had received an electric shock, and listened. A slight rustling agitated the reeds that bordered the river, whose calm and motionless waters resembled a long silvery ribbon. There was not a breath of air.

The hunter laid his hand on Flying Eagle's shoulder; the latter opened his eyes, and gazed at him.

"The Indians," Marksman muttered in the Chief's ear.

Then, crawling on his hands and knees, he glided down the slope, and entered the water. Then he looked around him. The moon shed sufficient light to let him survey the country for a long distance, but, in spite of the attention he devoted, he could see nothing. All was calm; but he waited with eye fixed, and ear on the watch.

Half-an-hour passed, and the sound which had aroused him was not repeated. However closely he listened, no sound arose to disturb the silence of night.

Still Marksman felt certain he was not mistaken. In the desert all sounds have a cause, a reason; the hunters know them, and can distinguish them, being never deceived as to their nature.

The hunter was immersed, however, in the water up to his waistbelt. In America, if the heat of the day is stifling, the nights, to make up for it, are excessively fresh, and Marksman felt an icy coldness invading his whole body. Tired of waiting, and believing that he was deceived, he was at length preparing to return to the bank, when, at the moment he was preparing to carry out his design a hard body struck his chest.

He looked down, and instinctively thrust out his hands. He stifled a cry of surprise; what had touched him was the side of a canoe, gliding noiselessly through the reeds, which it parted in its passage. This canoe, like all the Indian boats in these parts, was made of birch bark, detached from the tree by means of boiling water.

Marksman examined the canoe, which seemed to be moving without the assistance of any human being, and rather drifting with the current than proceeding in a straight line. Still one thing astonished the Canadian: the canoe was moving without the slightest oscillation. Evidently an invisible being, probably an Indian, was directing it, but where was he? was he alone? This it was impossible to guess.

The Canadian's anxiety was extreme; he did not dare make the slightest move, through fear of imprudently revealing his presence.—And yet the canoe was moving on. Resolved to know how it was, Marksman gently drew his knife, and, holding his breath, bent down in the river, and only let the top of his face emerge from the water.

What he expected happened: in a moment he saw the eyes of an Indian, who was swimming behind the canoe, and pushing it with his arm, sparkle in the gloom like two live coals. The Redskin held his face on a level with the water, and was looking searchingly around him.

The Canadian recognized an Apache. Suddenly the stranger's eyes were fixed on the hunter. The latter judged that the time had arrived, and bounding with the suppleness and speed of a jaguar, he seized his enemy by the throat; giving him no time to utter a cry of alarm, he buried his knife in his heart.

The Apache's face turned black; his eyes were dilated; he struck the water for a moment with his legs and arms; but soon his limbs stiffened, a convulsion passed over his body, and the current bore him away, leaving behind a slight reddish trace. He was dead.

The Canadian, without the loss of a moment, clambered into the canoe, and, holding on to the reeds, looked across to the spot where he had left his comrades. The latter, warned by Flying Eagle, had cautiously come up, bringing with them the rifle left by the hunter on the bank.

So soon as they were together again, they freed the canoe from the reeds that barred its passage, and, by Marksman's advice, after embarking, and turning the canoe into the current, they lay down in the bottom.

For some time they had been gliding along gently, believing themselves hidden from the invisible enemies they supposed to be concealed around them, when suddenly a terrible clamor broke out, like a thunder clap.

The body of the Apache killed by Marksman, after following the current for some distance, had stopped in some grass and dead leaves, exactly opposite an Indian camp, near which the adventurers had passed a few hours previously, not suspecting its presence.

At the sight of their brother's corpse, the Redskins uttered the formidable howl of grief we mentioned, and rushed tumultuously toward the bank, pointing to the canoe.

Marksman, seeing himself discovered, seized the paddles, and, aided by Flying Eagle and Domingo, he was in a few minutes out of range. The Apaches, furious at this flight, and not knowing with whom they had to deal, overwhelmed their enemies with all the insults the Indian tongue could supply, calling them hares, ducks, dogs, owls, and other epithets, borrowed from the nomenclature of the animals they hate or despise.

The hunter and his companions did not trouble themselves about these impotent insults; they began paddling vigorously, which soon restored the circulation in their limbs.

The Indians then changed their tactics; several long-barbed arrows were shot at the canoe, and several shots were even discharged; but the distance was too great, and the water was only dashed up by the bullets.

Thus the night passed.

The adventurers paddled eagerly: for they had noticed that the river, owing to its countless bends, was visibly drawing nearer to the forest they had so much interest in reaching. Still, believing that they no longer had anything to fear from their enemies, they laid down the paddles for a few moments, to rest, and take a little food.

The day rose while they were thus engaged, and a magnificent landscape was unfolded before the dazzled eyes of the adventurers.

"Oh!" Flying Eagle exclaimed, with an expression of surprise.

"What is the matter?" Marksman asked at once, who understood that the Chief had noticed something out of the common.

"Look!" the Comanche said, emphatically, holding his arm out in the direction they had come during the night.

"*Virtudieu!*" the Canadian shouted. "Two canoes in pursuit of us. Oh, oh! we must make a fight of it."

"*Cuerpo del Cristo!*" Domingo said, in his turn, with a bound, which almost upset the frail boat.

"What is the matter now?"

"Look!"

"A thousand demons!" the hunter exclaimed. "We are beset."

In fact, two canoes were rapidly coming up in the rear of the adventurers, while two others, starting from the opposite sides of the river, were pulling ahead of them, with the evident intention of barring their passage, and cutting off their retreat.

"*Voto a Dios!* these Redskins want to make us dance a singular *jaleo*," Domingo muttered. "What do you say, old hunter?"

"Good, good!" Marksman replied, gayly; "we'll find the music. Attention, comrades, and redouble your energy."

At a sign from him, all the men took up paddles, and gave such an impetus to their canoe, that it seemed to fly over the water.

The situation was becoming critical for the whites. Marksman, upright, and leaning on his rifle, coldly calculated the chances of this inevitable rencontre. He did not fear the boats in pursuit, for they were at too great a distance behind, to hope to catch him; all his attention was concentrated on those in front, between which he must pass. Each stroke of the paddle diminished the distance which separated the white men from the Redskins.

The hostile canoes, as far as could be judged from a distance, seemed overloaded, and only advanced with some difficulty. Marksman had judged the situation with an infallible glance, and formed one of those daring resolutions, to which he owed the reputation he enjoyed, and which resolution could alone save him and his friends, in these critical circumstances.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RED SKINS AND WHITE.

Marksman, as we have said, had formed a final resolution. Instead of trying to escape by passing between the two canoes, which would have entailed a risk of being run down, he ordered his friend to turn slightly to the left, and paddle straight toward the canoe nearest his own.

The Indians, who did not at first comprehend the meaning of this manœuvre, greeted him with shouts of joy and triumph. The adventurers kept silence, but they redoubled their efforts, and continued to advance.

A sarcastic smile played round the lips of the Canadian hunter.

As his canoe drew nearer to that of the Apaches, he noticed that the left bank of the river was indented, and at this moment perceived that this was caused by an islet very near the land, but leaving a sufficient passage for his boat, which would thus avoid a bend again on the pursuing foe.

The main thing was to reach the point of the islet before the Indians in the first canoe did so.

The latter had at length begun to suspect, if they did not completely guess, the intentions of their intrepid adversary; hence they, for their part, changed their tactics, and altered their steering. Instead of going to meet the whites, as they had done up to this moment, they suddenly tacked, and paddled vigorously in the direction of the island.

Marksman understood that he must stop their progress at all risks.

Till then, not a shot or an arrow had been fired on either side. Apaches were so persuaded that they would succeed in capturing the adventurers, that they had thought it useless to proceed to those extremities.

The whites, on their part, who also felt the necessity of saving their powder in a hostile country, where it would be impossible to renew their stock, had hitherto imitated them through prudence, however much they might have desired to come to blows.

Still, the Indian canoe was now not more than fifty yards from the isle. The hunter, after taking a final glance around, bent down to his comrades, and said a few words in a low voice. They immediately laid down their paddles, and, seizing their rifles, resting them on the gunwales of the boat, after putting in a second bullet, Marksman had done the same.

"Are you ready?" he asked, a moment after.

"Yes!" the adventurers answered.

"Fire, then, and aim low."

The five shots sounded like one.

"Now to your paddles, and quick!" the hunter said.

Eight arms took up the paddles again, and the light canoe began bounding once more over the water. The hunter alone reloaded his rifle, and waited on his knee, ready to fire.

The effect of the volley was soon visible—the five shots, all aimed at the same spot, had opened an enormous breach in the side of the Indian boat, just on a level with the water line.

Cries of terror and pain rose from the group of Apaches, who leapt into the water one after the other, swimming in every direction. As for the canoe, left to itself, it floated a little way, gradually filled with water, and at length sunk.

The adventurers, believing themselves freed from their enemies, relaxed their efforts for a moment.

Suddenly, Flying Eagle raised his paddle, while Marksman clubbed his rifle. Two Apaches, with athletic limbs and ferocious glances, were trying to fasten on the canoe and upset it. But they soon fell back with fractured skulls, and floated down the stream. A few moments later the hunters reached the passage.

Several Apaches, however, had managed to swim to the island; so soon as they emerged from the water, they set out in pursuit of the whites, running along the bank; for want of better instruments, they hurled stones at them, for they could not use their damp rifles, and they had lost their bows and arrows through their sudden plunge in the river.

Though the weapons employed by the Apaches for the moment were so primitive, Marksman recommended his companions to redouble their efforts, in order to escape as soon as possible from these immense projectiles, which, from behind every tuft of grass and elevation of the ground, fell sharp as hail round the canoe—for the Redskins, according to their habit, took care not to let themselves be seen, through fear of bullets.

Still, this situation was growing unbearable, and they must emerge from it. The hunter, who was eagerly watching an opportunity to give his obstinate foes a severe lesson, at length fancied he had found it. He saw, a few yards from him, a tuft of floripondios moving slightly; quickly shouldering the rifle, he aimed, and pulled the trigger.

A terrible yell burst from the medley of floripondios, canaverales, creepers, and aquatic plants, which formed this hedge, and an Apache, bounding like a wounded tiger, rushed forward with the intention of seeking shelter behind the trees that grew a short distance from him in the centre of the islet. Marksman, who had reloaded his rifle, pointed it at the fugitive, but raised it again directly. The Apache fell on the ground, and was rolling in the last convulsions.

At the same instant a dozen Indians rushed from behind the shrubs, raised the corpse in their arms, and disappeared with the speed of a legion of phantoms.

A sudden calm, an extraordinary tranquillity, succeeded the extreme agitation and irregular cries which had aroused the echoes a few moments previously.

"Poor wretch!" Marksman muttered, as he laid his rifle again in the bottom of the canoe, and seized a pair of paddles; "I am vexed at what has happened to him. I believe they have enough; now that they know the range of my rifle, they will leave us in peace."

The hunter had calculated correctly: in truth, the Redskins gave no further signs of life.

What we say here must not in any way surprise the reader: every Indian understands honor in its own fashion. The Indians hold it as a principle never to expose themselves uselessly to any danger. With them, success alone can justify their actions; hence, when they no longer consider themselves the stronger, they renounce, without shame, projects they have conceived and prepared for many weeks.

The adventurers at length doubled the point of the island. The second canoe was already a very long way behind them: as for those they had just perceived behind them—they only looked like dots on the horizon. When the Redskins in the second canoe saw that the adventurers had gained a start which it was impossible for them to pick up, and that they were escaping, they made a general discharge of their weapons,—a powerless demonstration, which injured nobody, for the bullets and arrows fell a considerable distance short of the white men; then they turned back to join their comrades, who had sought shelter on the island.

Marksman and his companions were saved.

After paddling for about an hour longer, in order to place sufficient distance between themselves and their enemies, they took a moment's rest, and washed the contusions they had received from several stones that had struck them with fresh water. In the ardor of the engagement, they had not noticed the blows, but now that the danger was past, they were beginning to suffer from them.

The forest which, in the morning, owing to the constant meanderings of the river, was so far from them, was now much nearer, and they hoped to reach it before night, after a short interruption. They, therefore, took to their paddles again with renewed ardor, and continued their voyage. At sunset, the canoe disappeared beneath an immense dome of foliage belonging to the virgin forest, which the river crossed at an angle.

So soon as darkness began to fall, the desert woke up, and the howling of wild beasts, proceeding to the watering places, were heard hoarsely echoing in the unexplored depths of the forest. Marksman did not consider it prudent at this hour to enter a strange country, which doubtless contained dangers of every description. Consequently, after pulling for some time, to find a suitable landing-place, the hunter gave the order to pull into a point of rock, which jutted out in the water, and formed a species of promontory, on which it was easy to land.

So soon as he stepped ashore, the Canadian walked round the rock, in order to look at the vicinity, and know in what part of the forest they were.

This time chance had served them better than they could have dared to hope. After removing with great pains and minute precautions, the creepers and brambles, the hunter suddenly found himself at the entrance of a natural cave, probably formed by one of those volcanic convulsions so frequent in this country.

On seeing it, he stopped, and lighting an *ocote* branch, with which he had been careful to provide himself, he boldly entered the grotto, followed by his companions. The sudden appearance of the light startled a swarm of night birds and bats, which began flying heavily, and escaping in every direction. Marksman continued his progress, not troubling himself about these gloomy hosts, whose lugubrious sports he interrupted so unexpectedly.

This grotto was high, spacious, and airy. It was, under the present circumstances, a precious discovery for the adventurers; for it offered them an almost secure shelter for the night against the researches of the Apaches, who assuredly had not given up the pursuit.

The adventurers, after exploring the cavern on all sides, and assuring themselves that it had two exits, which secured the means of flight, if they were attacked by too numerous enemies, returned to their boat, drew it from the water, and carried it on their shoulders to the extremity of the grotto. Then, with that patience of which Indians and woodrangers are alone capable, they effaced the least traces, the slightest imprints, which might have allowed their place of debarkation to be discovered, or the retreat they had chosen guessed. The bent blades of grass were raised, the creepers and brambles they had moved drawn together, and after the task was accomplished, no one could have suspected that several persons had passed through them.

After this, collecting an ample stock of dead wood and *ocote* branches for torches, they reentered the grotto, with the manifest intention of at last taking a little of that rest they needed so greatly.

All these preparations took time; hence, the night was already far advanced when the adventurers, after swallowing a hasty meal, at length wrapped themselves in their zarapes, and lay down, with their feet to the fire, and their rifles in their hands. Nothing disturbed their sleep, which was continuing, when the first sunbeams purpled the horizon with their joyous tints. It was Marksman who aroused his companions.

Flying Eagle was not in the grotto.

This absence in no way alarmed the hunter; he was too well acquainted with the Comanche sachem to fear any treachery on his part.

"Up!" he cried to the sleepers. "The sun has risen: we have rested enough; it is time to think of our business."

In an instant all were afoot.

The hunter was not mistaken; the fire was scarce kindled, ere Flying Eagle made his appearance. The Chief bore on his shoulders a magnificent elk, which he threw silently on the ground, and then seated himself by Eglantine's side.

"On my word, Chief," Marksman said, gayly, "you are a man of precaution; your hunt is welcome; our provisions were beginning to diminish furiously."

The Comanche smiled with pleasure at this remark, but he made no other reply; like all his fellows, the Indian only spoke when it was absolutely necessary.

At a sign from the Canadian, Domingo, who was a first-rate hunter, immediately set to work breaking up the elk. The pemmican, queso, and Indian corn, remained in the adventurers' alforjas, thanks to the succulent steaks cut adroitly from the animal by Domingo, and which, roasted on the ashes, procured them a delicious breakfast; the festival was crowned with a few drops pulque, from which the two Comanches abstained, according to the custom of their nation.

Pipes and tigarettes were then lighted, and each began smoking silently.

Marksman reflected on the steps he must take, while Domingo and Bermudez prepared everything for departure; at length, he decided on speaking.

"Caballeros," he said, "we have arrived at the spot where our journey really commences; it is time for me tell you where we are going. So soon as we have crossed this forest, which will not take long, we shall have before us an immense plain, in the midst of which stands a city; this city is called by the Indians Quiepna-Tani; it is one of those mysterious cities in which, since the conquest, the Mexican civilization of the Incas has taken refuge; to that city we are proceeding, for the maidens we wish to save have sought shelter there. That city is sacred: woe to the European or white man who is discovered in its vicinity! I confess to you that the perils we have hitherto incurred are as nothing to be compared with those that probably await us, ere we gain the end we have proposed to ourselves. It is impossible for all of us to dream of entering that city; the attempt would be madness, and only result in our being massacred for no good. On the other hand, we might find it necessary to meet there those devoted companions, who, in the hour of danger, would come to our aid. I have, therefore, resolved on this: Bermudez will proceed to the spot where we left Juanita; then both, leading the horses with them, will join Brighteye's and Ruperto's detachments at the agreed on spot, and guide them here. What is your opinion, Caballeros? Do you approve my plan?"

"In every point," Don Mariano answered, with a bow.

"And you, Chief?"

"My brother is prudent; what he does is well."

"What? I am going to leave you!" poor Bermudez muttered, addressing his master.

"It must be, my friend," the latter answered; "but not for long, I hope."

"Try to remember the road we have followed, so as not to make a mistake in returning," the hunter remarked.

"I will try."

"Eh, old hunter?" Domingo said, with a grin. "Why, the deuce, do you not send me, who am a woodranger, and have the desert at my fingers' ends, instead of this poor man, who, I feel sure, will leave his bones on the way?"

Marksman gave the Gambusino a piercing glance, which made him blush, and look down.

"Because," he answered, laying a stress on each word, "friend Domingo, I feel such a powerful inclination toward you, that I cannot consent to let you out of my sight for a moment? You understand me, I suppose?"

"Perfectly, perfectly," the Gambusino stammered; "you need not get in a passion, old hunter. I will stay. What I said was in your behalf; that was all."

"I appreciate your offer, as it deserves," the Canadian answered, sarcastically; "so let us say no more about it." Then he continued, addressing Bermudez, "As we may possibly soon require help, try, on your return, to take a shorter and more direct road. You hear?"

"And understand; be at rest. I am too satisfied of the recommendations you give me, to neglect them."

"A last word. I have told you that it was absolutely necessary, for the success of the difficult expedition we are attempting, that we should find here, in case of need, a strong detachment of resolute men; warn Ruperto to be doubly prudent, and avoid, as far as possible, any meeting, and, of course, any quarrel with the Indians."

"I will tell him."

"Now put the canoe in the water; and good luck."

"Heaven grant you may succeed in saving my poor Nina," the old servant said, with an emotion he could not overcome. "I would joyfully give my life for her!"

"Go in peace, my friend," Marksman answered, affectionately. "You have already sacrificed much."

The adventurers then left the grotto, not without first looking round, to see there was no danger. A profound silence prevailed beneath the impenetrable forest covert. They then raised on their shoulders the canoe, in which they had placed provisions for the comrade who was about to leave them, and it soon floated lightly on the water.

Bermudez took his parting farewell, and then turning away, with an effort, leaped into the canoe, seized the paddles, and went off.

"We shall meet again soon," Don Mariano said, with emotion.

"Soon, if Heaven decree it!" Bermudez answered.

"Amen!" the adventurers piously murmured.

Marksman followed, for a long time, the course of the canoe, and then turned hastily to his comrades.

"His is a devoted heart," he muttered, as if speaking to himself. "Will he get there?"

"God will protect him!" Don Mariano answered.

"That is true," the hunter said, passing his hand over his forehead. "I am mad, on my word, to have such thoughts, and, what is more, ungrateful to Providence, which has hitherto watched over us with such solicitude."

"Well spoken, my friend," Don Mariano remarked. "I feel a presentiment that we shall succeed."

"Well, would you have me speak frankly to you?" the hunter said, gayly. "I feel the same presentiment; so forwards!"

Flying Eagle at this moment laid his hand on the hunter's shoulder.

"Before starting, I should like to hold a council with my brother," he said; "the case is grave."

"You are right, Chief; let us return to the grotto; our movements must be combined with the utmost prudence, so that when the moment arrives, we may not commit an irreparable mistake, which would hopelessly compromise the success of our expedition."

The Comanche made a sign of assent, and preceding his friends, returned to the cavern. The fire was not yet completely out, but smouldered in the ashes; in a second it blazed up again, and the four men seated themselves gravely round it.

The Chief then took his calumet from his girdle, filled it with sacred tobacco, lit it, and after slowly drawing two or three mouthfuls of smoke, passed it to Marksman. The calumet then passed round, without a word being uttered, until the tobacco contained in the bowl was consumed. When nothing remained but the ash, the Chief shook it out in the fire, returned the calumet to his girdle, and addressed Marksman.

"A Chief would speak," he said.

"My brother can speak," the hunter answered, with a bow; "our ears are open."

The Sachem, after making his wife a sign to retire out of range of voice, which, according to the Indian custom, Eglantine did immediately, bowed reverently to the members of the council and spoke as follows.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT.—Dispatches received from Washington announce that the appointment of Gen. Ethan A. Hitchcock to be Major-General was sent to the Senate by the President at the opening of that body—that it was referred to the Military Committee, reported back, and confirmed before the adjournment.

Gen. Hitchcock has been trained to military life from his youth up, and is beyond all question one of the most accomplished and high minded officers in the country. We do not know that such is the intention, but we are impressed with the belief that he will at once be assigned to the command of the army now operating on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, and that the best understanding will exist between him and Gen. Buell and Gen. Halleck. He will of course be subordinate to Gen. Halleck, but the desire of each will be so ardent to bring the war to a speedy and successful conclusion, that their whole efforts will be directed to this object alone. Next to the removal of Cameron and the selection of Stanton for Secretary of War, we regard this as the most important act of the President to give efficiency to the service.

Gen. Hitchcock is now in this city, and we presume will be prepared to engage in active duty whenever his commission is received.—*St. Louis Republican.*

THE WESTERN VIRGINIA CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.—The Constitutional Convention, on the 18th, adopted the following as a section of the article on the fundamental provisions of the Constitution of the proposed new state of West Virginia, with the understanding that this section should be a settlement of the vexed question:

No slave shall be brought, or free person of color come into this state, for a permanent residence, after this Constitution goes into operation.

This, it is said, will ensure a large majority for the Constitution.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY:

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

We find in the correspondence of the St. Louis Republican some additional particulars of the capture of Fort Henry, on the Tennessee river:

The bombardment is represented, by all who witnessed it, as most terrific. One of the officers who was in the fort remarked that he had often read of terrible showers of shell and shot, but his imagination had but slightly pictured the terror of such a scene, the effects of which are still to be seen all over the fort, in the ploughing away of complete roads through the earth works and sand bags, dismounting one or two of the guns and crippling several others; in the setting fire to several of their cabins prepared for winter quarters, and otherwise disabling the fort. Some of the balls cut off large trees the distance of three-quarters of a mile in the woods. There were about thirty or forty rounds fired by the rebels before they surrendered, the last one being the fatal shot that so disabled the Essex.

The fort mounted sixteen guns in all, one a hundred and twenty eight pound Columbiad; the others thirty-two, twenty-four, and sixteen pounders. It is built on a low piece of land, and is composed of earthworks from four to six feet high, and eight or ten feet wide on top, supported on the inner side by hickory twigs woven together, so as to prevent the crumbling away of the earth, with a ditch about twelve feet wide around it on the outside, which is now filled with water—the bottom of the magazine being also filled with water.

The shot which disabled the Essex was the last shot fired, and was discharged by the one hundred and twenty-eight pounder. The ball entered one of the front port-holes of the Essex, exploded her boiler, and passed out at her stern. Several other shots passed through her where she was unprotected by iron. She was towed down the river by the Alps. Four of the shots struck her in front, the balance in the side. She lay within 500 yards of the fort. She was struck twenty-two times, with only the injury above reported. The flag boat was struck twenty-seven times.

Commander Porter, of the gunboat fleet, is not so badly scalded as at first reported, and will, perhaps, recover in a few days.

From a letter in the St. Louis Democrat, we take the following:

Commodore Foote, it seems, pursued the same tactics that rendered him so famous in his attack upon the China forts a few years since, the English firing at a long distance, and suffering severely, while he ran immediately under the guns of the Chinamen, and poured such a hot and effective fire into their wooden walls, that they inflicted but little damage to his boats, and were quickly and completely disabled and beaten.

General Tilghman, the commander of Fort Henry, upon his capture, promptly testified to the splendid manner in which the attack was conducted, saying that when he discovered the purpose of the Commodore, his chief object was to disable the flag-ship, and by getting the flag-officer out of the way, to disconcert the other boats, and enable him to pursue his firing with better effect. This accounts for the hearty manner in which his compliments were paid to the Cincinnati, she having received *thirty one* shots out of about fifty, of which the whole fleet bear the marks. The Commodore complimented Gen. Tilghman upon his gallant defence of the fort, at the same time assuring him that he would have pursued the purpose of his attack even to the landing of his boats at the very bank under the fort, and that the Cincinnati, had the fight continued, should have kept head on until she was sunk. Another reason given by the rebel General for the concentration of fire upon the flag-ship was the fact that she seemed to have got a better range than any of the other boats, and that her fire, just before the surrender, was most terrific.

The Cincinnati bears many honorable scars. Several shots have left their marks upon her iron-plated sides, showing in each case a shallow and raking dent. One of her largest guns was struck on the right side of its muzzle, the shot chipping out a piece of the metal as large as a man's two hands, and actually splitting the muzzle eighteen inches down from the mouth. This will disable the gun entirely. Another gun—a thirty two pounder, I believe—bears a deep dent on its side, about eighteen inches from the mouth. Just behind the forward port-gun, and where the sides of the boat are not covered with iron, several shots have gone entirely through the bulwarks. One of these completely decapitated one of the gunners. Another passed through the bulwarks, scattering the splinters right and left, glancing along the timbers over the machinery, and passing into the wheel, but not doing much damage. The most terrible effect of the enemy's fire upon the Cincinnati, is seen in her upper works, the deck seeming to have been swept with the destructive missiles, the smoke-stacks pierced in several places, and the small boats riddled and almost destroyed. One large shot struck the iron-plated pilot-house, leaving an ugly mark, but doing no damage.—The concussion was violent, and is described by the pilots as surprising the Commodore and them into a very decided *grunt*. But one man was killed outright on the Cincinnati.—A few were wounded with splinters, whose names I have sent you. Captain Pratt was badly hurt by a spent ball striking his leg. The men describe the crash of the balls through the timbers of the vessel as a terrible sound, but none of them flinched, say their officers, but the party manning the gun at which one of their number was beheaded. At the ghastly sight they scattered and fell back for a moment, but immediately rallied and stood their ground.

Commodore Foote informs me that but eleven of the guns of the four boats were used, and the rebel officers represent that out of the seventeen guns with which the fort was armed, but eleven were brought to bear upon the boats—so that no advantage can be claimed by either side. The guns of the fort were all of heavy calibre, the largest being a 128-pounder, a beautifully-finished piece from the Tredegar Works, at Richmond. They had one rifled cannon, a 32-pounder, which burst during the engagement, and became useless. The guns were most skillfully handled, and all our officers give them the credit of a most gallant and determined defence of their fort.

THE CAPTURE OF GEN. TILGHMAN.—A letter from Fort Henry to the Cincinnati Gazette says:—"At the commencement of the fight, Gen. Tilghman had posted a guard at the gate of the fort, with orders to let no man pass out, but to fire upon any who attempted to escape. After the bursting of their rifled gun, and the disabling of two or three others by our shots, and while the shells were falling thickly around, the General himself, with some of his officers, attempted to make their escape, but were stopped by the sentinels, who, strictly obeying their orders, threatened them with death should they attempt to pass. Soon after the flag was hauled down. This is the story told by the guard, who claim to have been impressed into the rebel service, and who thus retaliated. This may account for the fact of so many officers being captured within the fort, while the entire force in the camp outside succeeded in making their escape."

ARREST OF DR. IVES, LATE EDITOR AND AFTERWARDS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.—The following is the order of the War Department in this case:—

WAR DEPARTMENT, }
WASHINGTON, Feb. 10, 1862. }

Ordered that a person calling himself Dr. Ives, a native of a rebel state, whose brother, lately in the military service of the United States, is now an officer in the rebel army, and who pretends to be a special representative of the New York Herald for Washington, be arrested and held in close custody at Fort McHenry as a spy, and for violating the rules and regulations in this Department in this:—

That on Saturday, the 8th day of February, 1862, against the public and well-known regulations for the safe transaction of Congressional business, he intruded himself into the War Department and into the Chambers were the Secretary and his assistants were transacting business with members of Congress, for the purpose of spying and obtaining war news and intelligence in regard to Cabinet consultations, telegraphs, &c., for publication, which he knew was not authorized to be published; and having so intended, he conducted himself insolently, making threats to the Assistant Secretary, Peter H. Watson, of the hostility of the New York Herald against the administration of the War Department, unless he was afforded special privileges and furnished intelligence by the Department in respect to Cabinet consultations, telegrams, official communications, and all news the moment it was received by the Department, in advance of all other papers.

The War Department is the place where the President, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy and his subordinates, the Secretary of War, and other public officers, are earnestly engaged in the business of overcoming treason and rebellion against the Government of the United States. It is not a place where spies or traitors, or any person, but for public purposes, can be suffered to enter or harbor.

Newspapers are valuable organs of public intelligence and instruction, and every proper facility will be afforded to all loyal persons to procure, on equal terms, information of such public facts as may be properly made known in time of rebellion. But no matter how useful or powerful the press may be, like everything else, it is subordinate to the national safety. The fate of an army or the destiny of the nation may be imperilled by a spy in the garb of a newspaper agent. The nation is in conflict with treason and rebellion—may be threatened by foreign foes.

The lives and fortunes of twenty millions of people, and the peace and happiness of their posterity, in the loyal states—the fate of public liberty and republican government forever—are staked upon the instant issue.—The duties of the President and his Secretary, of every officer of the Government, especially in the War Department and military service, are at this moment urgent and solemn—the most urgent and solemn that ever fell upon men. No news gatherer, nor any other person, for sordid or treasonable purposes, can be suffered to intrude upon them at such a time to procure news by threats, or spy out official acts which the safety of the nation requires not to be disclosed.

For these reasons the aforesaid Ives has been arrested and imprisoned, and all persons so offending will be dealt with in like manner.

(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Dr. Ives has accordingly been arrested, and imprisoned in Fort McHenry.

ARREST OF WIKOFF, ANOTHER N. Y. HERALD AGENT.—In the House, on the 12th, the Judiciary Committee reported a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Sergeant-at-Arms to bring Henry Wikoff to the bar of the House to answer for contempt in refusing to state before the committee from whom he received a portion of the President's last annual message, which he transmitted to the New York Herald for publication before it had been laid before Congress. His order was executed, and Mr. Wikoff being brought to the bar of the House, the Speaker informed him of the charge against him, and asked him what he had to say. He replied that the information demanded by the committee was received by him under an obligation of secrecy which he felt bound to respect. The answer was reduced to writing, and Mr. Hickman made a statement from which it appeared that the committee struck on this development in the course of their investigation into the censorship of the press. He concluded by offering a resolution directing the Sergeant-at-Arms to hold Wikoff in close custody until he shall purge himself of contempt or be discharged by order of the House. He called the previous question on this, and it was adopted by yeas 82, noes not counted. So Wikoff marched off in custody.

President Lincoln attended the session of the committee the next morning, and made a statement which proved conclusively that it was by no connivance with any member of his family that the document was permitted to be read.

After the President left the committee Wikoff displayed a willingness to reveal the name of the person who he asserts allowed him access to the message. The man is Major Watt, gardener at the White House. The Sergeant-at-Arms appeared with Watt, whose testimony will not form the least interesting chapter of the committee's report. He testified that he saw the message in the library, and, being of a literary turn of mind, perused it; that, however, he did not make a copy, but, having a tenacious memory, carried portions of it in his mind, and the next day repeated them word for word to Wikoff. That personage had previously testified that the passage transmitted to the Herald was given him by Watt orally. The next day Wikoff was released from his confinement.

THE ARREST OF BRIGADIER GENERAL STONE.—The following statement of the charges against Gen. Stone emanate from the War Department, copies of it having been furnished to the different representatives of the press. Gen. Stone was arrested while in bed, at two o'clock in the morning. The substance of the charges against Gen. Stone is as follows:

1st. For misbehaviour at the battle of Ball's Bluff.

2d. For holding correspondence with the enemy before and since the battle of Ball's Bluff, and receiving visits from rebel officers in his camp.

3d. For treacherously suffering the enemy to hold a fort or stronghold since the battle of Ball's Bluff, under his guns, without molestation.

4th. For a treacherous design to expose his force to capture and destruction by the enemy, under pretence of orders for a movement from the Commanding General which had not been given.

A Court-Martial will be speedily ordered.

☞ Digby has just ascertained that a woman in one of our suburban towns recently made application for the office of post-mistress, as she felt herself competent to take care of the "males" (mails). She'd been married only six times.

☞ The creditor always hath a better memory than the debtor.

NEWS ITEMS.

NOT ALTOGETHER AT FAULT.—The 4th New Hampshire regiment has just completed a heavy job of shovelling at Port Royal. A few days since, on inspection, Col. Whipple discovered one of the soldiers' guns not in the best order. Said the colonel, "Don't appear on inspection again with your *gun* in such a condition." Colonel, I know the gun ain't just right, but I have got the brightest *shovel* over in the intrenchments you ever saw," replied the soldier. The colonel saw the point, acknowledged the corn by a graceful *bow*, and passed down the line.

A HEALTHY REGIMENT.—It is stated that there has been only one death in the Second New Jersey regiment, commanded by Col. Isaac M. Tucker, since it was sworn into the service of the United States.

AN organ-grinder, having accidentally killed his monkey, committed suicide at Cleveland, Ohio, a few days ago, by taking arsenic mixed with beer.

HOMŒOPATHY.—Mr. Wilson, (Rep.) of Massachusetts, recently presented a petition to the Senate making a roll of two and a half feet in length, and about half a foot in diameter, signed by 25,815 persons, in favor of homœopathic surgeons for the army. He said it was rather an allopathic dose. Referred. Mr. Grimes, (Rep.) of Iowa, presented a homœopathic dose on the same subject. We perceive that Gen. McClellan is a believer in Homœopathy, as he was treated by that practice during his recent illness.

THE APPROPRIATIONS FOR THE COMING YEAR.—The only measure before the Committee on Ways and Means is the tax bill. They have reported the General Appropriation bills, all of which the House has passed, with the exception of those for the Post Office Department and Indian tribes. The aggregate amount reported by the Committee is about $550,000,000. This sum is independent of the appropriations reported by other committees and the increase of the expenditures made by amendments to the bills as originally reported.

THE ARREST OF GEN. STONE.—The Washington Republican says that the arrest of Gen. Stone was the direct result of the action of the Congressional Investigating Committee, and that other arrests are to follow until the army is cleared of traitors, or men of doubtful loyalty. This policy is worth millions to the national treasury.

THEY CAN BEAT US—AT RUNNING.—The Southern prints had their own fun out of the panic which seized some of our exhausted troops after the battle of Bull Run, and drove them in double-quick time towards Washington. The distance they made was about twenty miles. But Zollicoffer's men beat those who retreated from Bull Run by long odds. Some of them, it is said in a Nashville paper, did not stop from the Somerset flight until they reached Lexington, Tenn., which is seventy-five miles from the battle field.

A LETTER from New Orleans, per steamer Victoria, says the superintendent and various employes of the Opelousa railroad have been arrested; a conspiracy having been discovered to deliver to the Union forces the entire railroad, and to give them other aid at Berwick Bay. The letter says this arrest has been suppressed from publication in the newspapers.

THE gallant young Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, is soon to marry Mrs. Villette, the lovely and accomplished daughter of Secretary Smith.

IT is stated that one of Dr. Ives's papers, found when he was taken to Fort Lafayette, was a pass admitting him at all hours to the War Department, signed by General McClellan.

IT is probable that an important command in Texas will be intrusted to Gen. Fremont, and that, for reasons of obvious fitness, Texas being the field, the troops assigned him will be exclusively Germans.

WANT OF HARMONY AT A FUNERAL.—A rather discreditable affair recently took place at Cambridgeport, Vt., in the meeting-house there, at a funeral. Two choirs took their places in the seats allotted to the singers, and when the hymns were announced each struck up a tune. Thus two tunes were sung at the same time, making most discordant sounds, and entirely destroying all the solemnity that usually invests such occasions. The difficulty originated in some trouble about rival preachers.

EXPERIMENTS made at Cairo with one of the mortar boats, and mortars built by order of Gen. Fremont, show that they are perfectly successful, and will prove terrific engines of war. The mortar threw a 13-inch shell about three miles. The boats stood the shock admirably, and the recoil was less than had been expected.

THE great mortar fleet, which has been in preparation for so many weeks past at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is to rendezvous at Key West, a fact which affords pretty strong presumptive proof that Mobile or New Orleans is shortly to be honored with a visit from Uncle Samuel. The fleet will probably be all at the "Key" by the 1st of March.

NAPOLEON'S SPEECH.—Napoleon opened the French Chambers on the 27th. In his speech on that occasion he said:—

"The civil war which desolates America has greatly compromised our commercial interests. So long, however, as the rights of neutrals are respected, we must confine ourselves to expressing wishes for an early termination of those dissensions."

SENATOR WILSON has reported a bill from the Committee on Military Affairs, which provides that hereafter all contracts made by the Army Department or Bureau for Government supplies shall be executed literally in conformity with the terms of such contract, and any failure so to do, shall abrogate the contract. Also, that all contracts shall be made with manufacturers or dealers in articles required, and to be annulled if transferred.

THE London Morning Advertiser states, in the most positive terms, that, until the 23rd of January, it was the full intention of the Emperor Napoleon to announce, in his speech, his resolution to abolish the Federal blockade, but a change of programme was made, at the instance of Earl Russell, who deemed it politic to defer doing anything for a few weeks. The Emperor, therefore, alluded to the question in his speech in a manner that would bind him to nothing. The Advertiser also says that all the co-operation which Napoleon asks from England was her moral co-operation.

THE *N. Y. Tribune* says that Mr. Prentice has no control over the columns of the *Louisville Journal*—and that the proprietor recently refused to publish a card for him.

BLUNDERING STILL.—The prophetic Russell is still at his blunding predictions, which turn out invariably the reverse of his prophecy. His last is that the change in the Cabinet, Mr. Cameron's retirement, would be the dissolution of the Government, and that the Burnside expedition would not be able to effect any great object. Russell's stupidity is unmatchable.

A FEW days before the arrest of Dr. Ives (the correspondent of the Herald,) he had given a handsome breakfast to Gen. McClellan's staff! Just to think of McClellan's staff accepting a breakfast from a correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald!*

☞ "Let me collect myself," as the man said when he was blown up by a powder-mill.

Resolutions in Regard to the Rebellion.

Mr. Sumner, (Rep.) offered the following series of resolutions last week in the Senate, declaratory of the relations between the United States and the territory once occupied by certain States, and now usurped by pretended governments, without constitutional or legal right:

Whereas, Certain States, rightfully belonging to the Union of the United States, have through their respective Governments, wickedly undertaken to abjure all those duties by which their connection with the Union was maintained, to renounce all allegiance to the Constitution, to levy war upon the National Government, and, for the consummation of this treason, have unconstitutionally and unlawfully confederated together, with the declared purpose of putting an end, by force, to the supremacy of the Constitution within their respective limits; *and whereas*, this condition of insurrection, organized by pretended governments, openly exists in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Virginia, except in Eastern Tennessee and Western Virginia, and has been declared by the President of the United States, in a proclamation duly made in conformity with an act of Congress, to exist throughout this territory, with the exceptions already named; *and whereas*, the extensive territory thus usurped by these pretended governments and organized into a hostile confederacy, belongs to the United States, as an inseparable part thereof, under the sanctions of the Constitution, to be held in trust for the inhabitants in the present and future generations, and is so completely interlinked with the Union that it is forever dependent thereupon; *and whereas*, the Constitution, which is the supreme law of the land, cannot be displaced in its rightful operation within this territory, but must ever continue the supreme law thereof, notwithstanding the doings of any pretended governments, acting singly or in the confederation, in order to put an end to its supremacy: Therefore,

Resolved, That any vote of secession or other act by which any State may undertake to put an end to the supremacy of the Constitution within its territory is inoperative and void against the Constitution, and when sustained by force it becomes a practical *abdication* by the State of all rights under the Constitution, while the treason which it involves still further works instant *forfeiture* of all those functions and powers essential to the continued existence of the State as a body politic, so that from that time forward the territory falls under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress as other territory, and the State being, according to the language of the law, *felo de se*, ceases to exist.

Resolved, That any combination of men assuming to act in the place of such State, and attempting to ensnare or coerce the inhabitants thereof into a confederation hostile to the Union, is rebellious, treasonable, and destitute of all moral authority; and that such combination is a usurpation, incapable of any constitutional existence, and utterly lawless, so that everything dependent upon it is without constitutional or legal support.

Resolved, That the termination of a State under the Constitution necessarily causes the termination of those peculiar local institutions which, having no origin in the Constitution, or in those natural rights which exist independent of the Constitution, are upheld by the sole and exclusive authority of the State.

Resolved, That slavery being a peculiar local institution, derived from local laws, without any origin in the Constitution or in natural rights, is upheld by the sole and exclusive authority of the State, and must, therefore, cease to exist legally or constitutionally when the State on which it depends no longer exists; for the incident cannot survive the principal.

Resolved, That in the exercise of its exclusive jurisdiction over the territory once occupied by the States, it is the duty of Congress to see that the supremacy of the Constitution is maintained in its essential principles, so that everywhere in this extensive territory slavery shall cease to exist practically, as it has already ceased to exist constitutionally or legally.

Resolved, That any recognition of slavery in such territory, or any surrender of slaves under the pretended laws of the extinct States, by any officer of the United States, civil or military, is a recognition of the pretended governments, to the exclusion of the jurisdiction of Congress under the Constitution, and is in the nature of aid and comfort to the rebellion that has been organized.

Resolved, That any such recognition of slavery or surrender of pretended slaves, besides being a recognition of the pretended governments, *giving* them aid and comfort, is a denial of the rights of persons who, by the extinction of the States, have become free, so that, under the Constitution, they cannot again be enslaved.

Resolved, That allegiance from the inhabitant and protection from the Government are corresponding obligations dependent upon each other; so that, while the allegiance of every inhabitant of this territory, without distinction of color or class, is due to the United States, and cannot in any way be defeated by the action of any pretended government, or by any pretence of property or claim to service, the corresponding obligation of protection is at the same time due, by the United States, to every such inhabitant, without distinction of color or class; and it follows that inhabitants held as slaves, whose paramount allegiance is due to the United States, may justly look to the National Government for protection.

Resolved, That the duty directly cast upon Congress by the extinction of the States is reinforced by the positive prohibition of the Constitution, that "no State shall enter into any confederation," or, "without the consent of Congress, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, or enter into any agreement or compact with another State," or "grant letters of marque and reprisal," or "coin money," or "emit bills of credit," or, "without the consent of Congress, lay any duties on imports or exports," all of which have been done by these pretended governments; and also by the positive injunction of the Constitution, addressed to the nation, that "the United States shall guaranty to every State in the Union a republican form of government," and that, in pursuance of this duty cast upon Congress, and further enjoined by the Constitution, Congress will assume complete jurisdiction of such vacated territory, where such unconstitutional and illegal things have been attempted, and will proceed to establish therein republican forms of government under the Constitution; and in the execution of this trust, will provide carefully for the protection of all the inhabitants thereof, for the security of families, the organization of labor, the encouragement of industry, and the welfare of society, and will in every way discharge the duties of a just, merciful, and paternal government.

Mr. Sumner moved to lay the resolution on the table.

Mr. Davis (U.,) of Kentucky, moved to refer them to the Committee on the Judiciary.

The motion to lay on the table, to be called up at a fitting time, prevailed—yeas 21, nays 15.

PLANS OF OUR GUNBOATS IN REBEL HANDS.—The complete plans and specifications of our gunboats on the Western waters were found among the effects of the rebels captured at Fort Henry.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BULL RUN PRISONER.

Corporal Merrill, a returned Bull Run prisoner, recently returned from Richmond, is relating his experience in the Rochester Express. We select the following:

On every Sunday the outskirts of the prison were thronged with visitors, who had come upon a staring expedition, and seemed amply repaid if they obtained a glimpse of the Yankees. Barnum's Museum would have passed for a side show in comparison with hospital attraction. Upon one occasion I was standing at the window with a companion, when we were accosted by a savage-looking fellow, in a planter's hat, and very genteelly dressed, who asked me if I had had enough of Bull's Run? I replied by inquiring if he was there? No—he was not. "I supposed not," said I, "for any one who could insult a prisoner is too cowardly to go where there is any danger."

I regretted this observation, for it was no sooner uttered than the prancing fire-eater emitted the most sulphurous volley of oaths that I had heard on the "sacred soil." Fuming and snorting with wrath, he paced backward and forward, his glittering eye

"In a fine frenzy rolling,"

till having collected himself for a second attack, he exclaimed—

"Well, you belong to the Confederates now—you are in our power."

My companion asked him if he belonged to the Confederates?

"Yes," he rejoined, with emphasis, "I do!"

"Well, what does your master ask for you?" said the former.

This was a sad blow to the chivalric Southerner, who was of a suspiciously *dark complexion*, and certainly could not be classed among "poor white trash." To add to his discomfiture, the bystanders laughed as heartily as the "Yankees." The only resource of our rabid friend was to cast out another volley of oaths, but before he could do justice to his subject, he was walked off by the guard.

SNOW SCENE IN A WESTERN CAMP.—Camp DE COURCEY, LEXINGTON, KY., January 30, 1862.—This morning, on awakening from our slumbers, our eyes were gladdened with the sight of the ground covered with snow. After breakfast the boys commenced snowballing, and before dinner every commissioned officer had received a good pelting, not excepting all the field officers. Our two colonels looked more like snow men than human beings. It was kept up till about three o'clock, when the colonel ordered the bugle to be sounded for the regiment to fall into line, without guns and accoutrements, and in fatigue dress. We were all puzzled to know what was to be done, when we were marched out into the woods near the camp and divided into two armies, the right wing representing one army, and the left wing representing the other.

We were then drawn up in line of battle, and, after throwing out skirmishers, the colonel ordered us to "load at will," when every man commenced making snow-balls. After two or three rounds each, we were ordered to come to "attention." The bugle then sounded for forward march, when the wings advanced toward each other. When within thirty paces, they commenced throwing snow-balls. They fought one round, when the bugle sounded to cease firing and to rally into line, Col. Mundy's wing retiring with Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson a prisoner. After making a few snow-balls, we went at them again, and fought about ten minutes.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

AN INCIDENT OF CAMP LIFE.—A slave lately came into the camp of the Iowa troops at Florence, Mo., mounted upon a high-spirited horse, on which he had escaped from his master, who lives near St. Louis. Around his neck was a band of iron, half an inch thick, and nearly one-and-a-half inches wide, not locked, but securely *riveted*. Three iron prongs, of lightning-rod size, were welded to this band, at equal distances apart, and arose above his head about nine inches, with an outward inclination. The iron had lacerated his neck, and the wound had partially healed under the protection he had given to them by holding up the bands with his hands during the preceding days that he was concealed in a cornfield, but while riding the horse he could not hold it up, and it had opened the wound, from which there was a bloody, mattery ooze, trickling down upon his broad shoulders. To the soldiers who surrounded him, with pity and astonishment, the negro pleaded earnestly: "Please, massa soger, take dis collar off my neck. I'se a good nigger; I'll do anyting you want me. De Illinoy sogers cut the collar off'r Ben." After a labor of three hours, the collar was filed off. It appears that the negro had carried this iron band upon his neck about three months, as a punishment for assisting his wife to escape into Illinois.

AMUSING IF TRUE.—The New York Sun says that a short time since, a prominent resident of that city of wealth and fashion conceived the *brilliant* idea of having his *front teeth set with diamonds*. He conferred on the subject with two of his friends, one of whom was a lady of literary celebrity, and all were so well pleased with the novel idea, that they had large and valuable first water diamonds set into their front teeth, and on Sunday afternoon they attended one of the most fashionable churches on Fifth Avenue, where they attracted considerable notice, and diverted the attention of a large portion of the congregation by the lustrous rays of their teeth. On their return home they were followed by a crowd of persons, whose attention and curiosity were attracted by the dazzling radiance of the brilliant circle. If this fashion is adopted, jewellers, lapidaries and dentists will reap an abundant harvest. Verily, the world moves.

REMARKABLE COURAGE.—An English journal says:—"A few days since the following incident occurred in the neighborhood of Iron Acton, and from the extraordinary presence of mind displayed by the hero of the affair, it excited considerable sensation in the hunting-field. A daring young Nimrod, while following the hounds, on taking a fence, was thrown from his horse. Some persons who were near, went to his assistance, when he requested them to feel his shoulder, but, being impatient, did so himself, when he declared it was dislocated. He then threw himself on the ground, and requested one of the bystanders to put his foot under the arm and pull away strongly. This was done, and the shoulder was soon shifted into its place, and after very coolly remarking that it was 'all right,' he again mounted his horse and resumed the chase."

☞ THE BATTLE AT SOMERSET.—The rebels complain that their eight or ten thousand men at Somerset got "out-flanked" by our three thousand, after the latter had been thrice defeated. This reminds the New York Commercial of the story of the Irish soldier who captured three Frenchmen in a disagreeable predicament. "How did you take so many, Pat?" asked an officer. "Plaze yer honor," was the reply, "I surrounded them."

TREATMENT OF SLAVES IN THE KENTUCKY CAMPS.—A correspondent says:—"I learn that there are between one and two thousand slaves in the camp of General Buell's army. He has issued no proclamation concerning them. Many of them are there of their own account, and *some have been sent there by their masters for safe keeping*. My authority is a gentleman who is often in the camp, and of undoubted veracity, himself a slaveholder. Slaves escaping to the camp are delivered up upon the requisition of their master. No slave is allowed to leave of his own accord. Once in the lines, he must stay till his master claims him. They are employed by the officers and men as servants.

"After the battle of Mill Springs, a large number of slaves came into the camp of Gen. Thomas, their faces radiant with joy and expectation, but they were all ordered to depart, and, I am informed, threatened with punishment if they did not return to their masters. They departed, says my informant, with disappointment in their faces. They expected freedom, but saw only a continuance of their bondage."

☞ A HOPEFUL.—"Tommy, my son, what is longitude?" "A clothes line, daddy." "Prove it." "Because it stretches from pole to pole."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The less favorable tenor of the foreign news in regard to Breadstuffs has limited the demand for Flour, and some 10,000 bbls found buyers, in lots, at $5,25@5,37½ for common mixed and good straight superfine; $5,50@5,75 for extras, the latter for Lancaster county, and $5,70@6 for Western extra family, mostly at $5,87½@6 for selected brands, including 500 bbls fancy do at $6,25 ₱ bbl. The bulk of the sales were of good Western family Flour. The trade have come forward slowly within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,50 to 6,75 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is unsettled and rather lower, with small receipts and sales at $3,25@3,50 ₱ bbl, chiefly at the latter rate for good brands. Corn Meal is not inquired for, and dull at $3 ₱ bbl for Penna Meal.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat was less active early in the week, and prices fell off 3c ₱ bus, with sales of about 15,000 bus to note, mostly prime Penna red taken for shipment, at 133@138c, closing at 135c in store, and 140 to 145c for good and prime white. Rye is steady, and some 2000 bus Penna found buyers at 72@73c, chiefly at the latter figure for prime lots. Corn continues dull; the receipts are moderate, but only about 35,000 bus new yellow have been disposed of at 55@56c in store, and 56½@57c, as to condition. Oats are also rather dull, and prices the same, with sales of 25,000 bus, mostly Penna, at 38@39½c, measure in store. Of Barley, which is firm, further sales of prime New York are reported at 85c. Of Buckwheat some 300 bus have been sold at 55c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is very little movement in the market, but prices are steadily maintained, and 300 bbls Pork sold mostly at $12,50@12,75 ₱ bbl for Western and City Mess; cash and short time. Dressed Hogs are better, and selling at 4¼@4½ the 100 lbs, mostly at the latter rate.—Beef is steady, and the sales moderate at $12@14 ₱ bbl for Western and City packed Mess. Some 3000 bbls Pork and Beef have also been sold by the packers to the Government on terms kept private. Bacon moves off slowly at 7@8c for plain and fancy Hams; 5@6c for Sides; and 4@4½c for Shoulders. Of Green Meats the receipts and sales are moderate at 5@6c for Hams, in salt and pickle; 4½@5½c for Sides; and 3½@4c for Shoulders, cash and time. Lard is dull, with sales of 800 tcs and bbls at 7½@8¼c, the former for country packed, and 500 kegs at 8¼@8½c, cash and time. Of Butter, the sales are moderate at 8@10c for packed, and 13@14c for roll. Cheese is quiet but steady at 7½@8c ₱ lb, and Eggs at 14c ₱ doz.

COTTON—There is little or no demand, and prices are unsettled and lower, the sales reaching 300 bales, taken in small lots, at 28@32c, cash, for middling and good quality.

ASHES—Both kinds are firm with small sales at quotations.

BARK—Quercitron continues in demand and scarce with further small receipts and sales of 1st No 1 at $33½, and some of a favorite brand at $35 ₱ ton. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering or selling, and good yellow is steady but quiet at 22@23c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is rather more inquiry for shipment, and orders are beginning to come in from the east. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $3,30@3,40. Prepared do $3,35@3,45; Red Ash do $3,40@3,60; Lehigh Lump do $3,02. Prepared do $3,02; by retail do $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared do $4,25.

COFFEE—There is very little arriving, and the market is firm but very quiet, at about previous rates, the sales reaching only some 600 bags, in small lots, mostly at 19@22c for Rio, cash and time.

COPPER is quiet but firm for both Sheathing and Yellow Metal, with sales of the latter at 25c for Sheets, and 37c for Bolts, on time.

FEATHERS continue dull and selling in lots at 37@40c ₱ lb, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT—Sales are moderate at $3@4½ for Green Apples, and $8@10 ₱ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Apples sell more freely at 6@7c, and Peaches at 7@10c ₱ lb, as in quality. Dried Peaches are scarce and command full prices.

HAY is firm, and good Timothy is selling at 70@80c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—The stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and the market is firm but quiet at fully former rates.

HOPS are unchanged, and a small business doing at 18@22c ₱ lb.

IRON—A few small lots of Pig Metal have been disposed of at fully former rates, ranging at 20@22 for Anthracite No. 1, cash and time, including about 1000 tons at $21, six months. Scotch Pig is nearly or quite all out of first hands, and quiet. In Manufactured Iron there is a steady business to note, bars especially selling freely at full prices.

LEAD—There is little or no stock in first hands, and the market is dull. Some sales of German, however, are reported in another market, to come here, at 6½@6¾c ₱ lb cash. Galena is held at 7c.

LUMBER is quiet, and prices about the same. 100,000 4 and 4½ foot pickets sold at $6@6,50 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—There is very little movement in the market, and no changes to note in price or demand, which is very light.

PLASTER—There is none arriving or selling, and prices are altogether nominal.

RICE is unchanged but very quiet, and Carolina is quoted at 6@7¼c ₱ lb.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed is less active, about 1800 bus have been taken at $4,12½@4,37½ ₱ bus, mostly at $4,25 for good lots; some in shipping order sold at 7¼c ₱ lb. Timothy is inquired for, and selling at $1,75@2 ₱ bus; and Flaxseed is scarce at $2,10@2,15.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firm, and a limited business doing in the way of sales. N E Rum is steady at 31@32c. Whiskey is unchanged, bbls moving off slowly at 23@24c in dark and bright packages; hhds 23½c, and Drudge at 22½c.

SUGAR—The market continues inactive, and prices about the same, the sales reaching only about 250 hhds, in small lots, at from 7¾c to 8¾c for Cuba and Porto Rico, on time.

TALLOW—The demand is limited, and prices about the same, with a small business only to note in city at 9½@9¾c, and country at 8½@8¾c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The stock of both Leaf and Manufactured is nearly all out of first hands, and holders are firm in their views. The demand, however, is very small.

WOOL—The market is quiet, the inquiry being mostly for fine fleece, which is selling moderately at 50@53c, net. Common and medium qualities continue dull. The stock, however, is light, and a sale of 50,000 lbs Kersey Wool is reported at 55c ₱ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 980 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 9 cents ₱ lb. Cows brought from $22 to 35 ₱ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from $4,50 to 5. 500 Hogs sold at from 5½ to 5¾ ₱ cwt net.

GENS. HALLECK AND BUELL.—The dispatch from Gen. Halleck to Gen. Buell, announcing the capture of Fort Henry and the impending attack upon Fort Donelson, is noteworthy as the first public sign that those Generals are co-operating directly and without the intervention of a so-called General-in-Chief. In so acting, they obey orders sent three weeks ago under the signature of the President and Secretary Stanton, and not countersigned by or transmitted through Gen. McClellan, or any other military officer, which directed them to co-operate upon the line of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, at Friends' Meeting House, on Sixth street, JOHN E. CARTER, to CAROLINE W. daughter of Joel and Caroline W. Cadbury, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. CHARLES S. NEWTON, of Lower Merion, to Miss ESTHER A. AUSTENBERRY, of Manayunk.

On the 31st of Dec. last, by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. EDWARD HANNUM, to Miss CATHARINE DONNELLY, both of this city.

On the 23d of April last, by the Rev. Dr. Dales, Lieut. WILLIAM STEWART, to Miss ELLA HARRINGTON, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. SAMUEL H. BOYER, to Miss ANN GREENHOLGH, both of Frankford.

Jan. 22d, 1862, by the Rev. Wm. M. Dalrymple, Mr. DAVIS N. HAMMUM, of Co. C., 88th Regiment, Pa. Vol., to Miss MATTIE A. P. HOZIER, of Springfield, Del. county, Pa.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. ANDREW P. BEATTIE, to Miss SALLIE A. HOSKIN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, DAVID EGER, in his 61st year.

On Wednesday morning, 12th instant, WALTER GRAHAM, in his 39th year.

On the 11th instant, FRANCIS C. SPENCER, youngest son of Nicholas and Elizabeth C. Spencer, in his 19th year.

On the 10th instant, ROBERT ALLEN, Jr., son of Robt. and Anna Allen, aged 20 years.

On the 10th instant, FRANCIS RAWLE WHARTON, Esq. in his 75th year.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 6th, CHARLES J. ADAMS, aged 33 years.

On Friday evening, 11th instant, MARY, widow of the late Anthony Cuthbert, of this city, in her 92d year.

On the 10th instant, JANE WHALLEY, in her 67th year.

On the 9th instant, Mr. ALEXANDER SNYDER, in his 36th year.

On the 9th instant, ENOCH THORN, in his 79th year.

On Sunday, the 9th instant, Mr. JOHN HUNTER, in his 30th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, February 15, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 to 50 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
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Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	2 dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ¼ dis.
Kentucky	2 to 20 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	¼ to 2 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	5 to 25 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2½ to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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Cincinnati, Ohio.

HAVE YOU A COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two-thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their afflictions to the fatal mistake of "waiting for a cough to get well of itself." Do not fall into this error, but avail yourself at once of a remedy which twenty-five years' experience has demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA or PHTHISIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the wind tubes, and cause them to eject the mucous or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and free expectoration, remove all difficulty of breathing.

HAVE YOU BRONCHITIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. This wide-spread disease, which may be generally described as an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the wind tubes or air vessels, spreading through every part of the lungs, is often mistaken for Consumption. The Expectorant subdues this inflammation, relieves the attending cough, pain, and difficulty of breathing, and, if the case is not of too long standing, will certainly produce a cure.

HAVE YOU CONSUMPTION?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it prove its efficacy.

HAVE YOU CROUP?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, none more fatal in its results, than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

Is a standard medicine. For twenty-five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by all classes of people in all quarters of the world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have experienced its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing

Wit and Humor.

RANTANQUERO DE BOOM JING-JING;

OR,

THE WRATH OF THE REBEL RIVAL.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

BY McARONE.

When the barrel was kicked away, as we have said, the Don fell with his whole weight.

But Peter's motto, on that occasion, had been, "a long rope and a short shrift," and he had got his rope a little too long.

Don Rantanquero, therefore, fell upon his feet, and was unhurt. He removed the noose from his neck, and walked away at a brisk pace, fearing that the mob would offer him further indignities.

And, in fact, the Rev. General Polk, who was in the crowd, did try to pick his pocket, but unsuccessfully.

It occurred to the Don, at about this period, that he had not seen Glorianna for a long time, so he kept on his way until the frowning bastions and serried esplanades of Mobile once more arose upon his sight.

He found the angelic partner of his griefs and sorrows rather low-spirited. She was quite out of pocket-money, and while other ladies were buying lots of new things, she had been forced to go without.

The only reason why Don Rantanquero did not give her money immediately, was that he hadn't any.

He could not stand it, however, to see Glorianna suffering for want of so vulgar a necessity, so he set to work to become enormously rich. Nothing can be truer than Ben Franklin's maxim, that "a penny saved is a penny gained." Everybody knows that. The Don knew it, and by a practical application of it, succeeded in raising a very neat little plum. He began by borrowing a penny, and saving it. In this way he had, of course, "a penny gained," which, added to the one he had borrowed, made two pennies. These he also saved, making two more gained, and so on, gaining, saving, and gaining, until in a week or so, he found himself the happy owner of a fortune of $380,246,857,938,235,976,482,000—considered quite a tidy amount down South, for a man who began on a borrowed penny.

Glorianna was delighted. She was at once enabled to have new gaiters, and everything nice. She looked more beautiful than ever—and the odious Peter felt all the more envious and angry toward Don Rantanquero. It is very wrong to be envious of our neighbors.

The Don often told Peter so, when the latter came to Mobile on business.

"Peter," he used to say, mildly, but firmly, "you are a good fellow at heart. There's only one trouble with you. You are a confounded fool. Don't you know you oughtn't to hate me so? It is wrong. I can prove it by Dr. Watts's poems. I married the woman you were sitting up with; I am richer than you are, and I can lick you, by thunder.—Now, what are you going to do about it?"

But Peter failed to see the force of argument and reason, no matter how calm and dispassionate, so he continued to envy and hate the good Don Rantanquero, and laid many plans to remove him from this earthly sphere of action.

Mobile and Huntsville being in the hands of the Unionists, the Rebellion began to look rather slim. Beauregard, having had a difficulty with the Don, about the circus business at Huntsville, got mad and went to Charleston with a small army, determined to hold that city, at all hazards. This greatly displeased the Don, who was desirous of owning South Carolina himself, when the war was over; so he called his staff together to hold council.

The young lieutenant of Quadroons was for marching down there with a handful of men, and whipping the Rebels in a fair, stand-up fight. A colonel of river-police wanted to send shadows down to "pipe" them. A major of artillery wanted to wait till it blew Great Guns, and then storm Fort Sumter.

The council broke up without any definite plan, but it was agreed that the army should loaf along down toward Charleston and see what could be done.

Don Rantanquero then mounted his goodly steed, one soft, sunny morning, and turned his face toward Charleston. He was a sight to look upon, as he sat proudly in his saddle, and not Dana himself was a better horseman. The sun glinted brightly upon his armor, and the plumes of red, white and blue waved fantastically from his cuirass, the barred greaves of which concealed his lovely visage. His broad chest was covered by a massive hauberk of polished steel, and a baldric of the same metal encased each thigh. The casques that defended his thewy arms were finished with gold and diamonds at the elbow-gorgets, and a jewelled gaberdine hung at his side. Glorianna, robed in brocade of cloth-of-gold, with a diamond tiara about her swan-like throat, leaned from her tessalated balcony, to give him the stirrup-cup—a heavily-chased chalice of solid Britannia ware, crusted with ingots, carbuncles, and barnacles.

"What is the tod, sweet Love?" asked the Don, peering into the goblet, where a mass of toast floated in amber applejack, among allspice, cloves, and nutmegs.

"It is the nectar that befits one who wars against Southrons;" she responded, in tones like the memory of silver bells; "it is Old Brown!"

They then sang, as a duett, these beautiful lines, in the style of Mrs. Hemans, though not written by her:—

AIR.—"*Mushrat drinkin' beer.*"

DON R.—"Up in New York they have long been a-thinking
Juleps and punches wo-o-on't do any longer!
Folks are getting tired of such common drinking,
Whack fol de rol, whack fol de riddle day!"

GLORIANNA.—"Some jolly genius has just found a clever way of making
This bran new toddy, and it's all the go with drinking people,
No more hot coppers, no more marrow-bones and heads an-aching,
Whack fol de rol, whack fol de riddle day!"

DON.—"First make a toast, brown without and within it,
Cook it completely, and sho-o-ove it in your liquor,
Then add your sugar and spices in a minute,
Whack fol de rol, whack fol de riddle day!"

GLORIANNA.—"Serve up the drink, hot as fire can make it short of boiling,
Then will you swear that Old Brown's the best of modern toddy,
Then you'll forget all your sorrows, pain and weary toiling,
Whack fol de rol, whack fol de riddle day!"

"I have drank it," said the Don, sadly, "at Crook & Duff's, in palmier days, before things was so much mixed. But let that pass. Take care of yourself, love!"

"Go long," replied Glorianna, and waved her lily-white hand.

He was gone.

Hardly enough time had elapsed for Don Rantanquero to have ridden a hundred miles, before Peter came leaping into the balcony-window, with a bowie-knife.

"You are mine!" shrieked he.

Glorianna recoiled, but recovering herself, drew a jewel-hilted poniard from her underhandkerchief, and a fencing-match ensued. It was brief, however. Peter was skillful with the weapon, and ere long, Glorianna's tiny dagger flew from her hand, leaving her defenceless.

"Ha!" shouted the rebel rival; "now I think I've got you!"—*Vanity Fair.*

A FAST STORY.

An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English railroads to a Yankee traveller seated at his side in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung as the train neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity "of taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that," innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman. "They have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, ain't it? I suppose they hav'nt invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee; "we've got bells, but we can't use them on railroads. We run so 'tarnal fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound. No use whatever; the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee, "had to give up the bells. Then we tried steam whistles—but they wouldn't answer either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried. We were going at a tremendous rate, hurricanes were nowhar, and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two horse wagon crossing the track, about five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle on, screeching like a trooper. It screamed awfully but it wasn't no use. The next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the road side, amid the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon and dead engineer, lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along, mixed up with some frightful oaths that I had heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow, he was dead before his voice got to him. After that we tried lights, supposing these would travel faster than sound. We got some so powerful that the chickens woke up all along the road when we came by, supposing it to be morning. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the darkness, with the light close on behind it. The inhabitants petitioned against it; they couldn't sleep with so much light in the night time. Finally we had to station electric telegraphs along the road, with signal men to telegraph when the train was in sight; and I *have* heard that some of the *fast* trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes every fourth mile. But I can't say as that is *true*—the rest I know to be so."

GOOD SHOOTING.—The following dialogue on "sharp-shooting" is reported to have recently taken place between a rebel and a federal picket:—

Rebel—I say, can you fellows shoot?

Federal—Wall, I reckon we can, some.

Rebel—Down in "Missisip," we can knock a bumble-bee off a thistle blow at three hundred yards.

Federal—Oh, that ain't nothin' tew the way we shewt up in Varmount. I belonged to a military company there, with a hundred men in the company, and we went out for practice every week. The Capt'n draws us up in single file, and sets a cider-barrel rolling down hill, and each man takes his shot at the bung-hole as it turns up. It is afterwards examined, and if there is a shot that didn't go into the bung-hole, the member who missed it is expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there ain't been nobody expelled yet.

DADDY LIKES THAT KIND.—The following is a scene in Arkansas:

Boy—Daddy told me to ax you for to lend him a hoss to ride to town.

Neighbor—Well, my little fellow, tell your father I have no horse except what has a sore back.

Boy—O, daddy likes hosses with sore backs because it makes them gay.

☞ An eminent and witty prelate was once asked if he did not think such a one followed his conscience. "Yes," said his grace, "I think he follows it as a man does a horse in a gig: he drives it first."

SUITING THE ACTION TO THE WORD.

MUSICAL HUSBAND.—"I'm sitting on the *style*, Mary—"

UNSENTIMENTAL WIFE.—"Oh, you outrageous man! Oh, my new bonnet! my new bonnet!"

CAVALRY CHARGES.

The modern appreciation of cavalry as an arm is strangely different when compared with the ancient estimate. The knights, and those towers of steel, the men-at-arms, were the pith and sinew of a feudal army; not so much, certainly, with us in England, where the "crestless yeomen" furnished us with those bills and bows which deserve the merit fo our triumphs. But in France and Germany, the chevaliers were the cream of all armies. Even the famous lanzknechts could not always keep out, with their stand of pikes, the furious rush of heavy-armed horsemen. In Cromwell's army, the horse ranked above the foot. It was deemed then, and long after, that cavalry could break a square of infantry, a thing now thought impossible, unless the infantry be of some inferior race, or demoralized. We have all read, with a glow of excitement, how impetuous squadrons came thundering on serried squares, and how they were steadily received with fixed bayonets and a fire that emptied many a saddle. But the most experienced officers living are willing to admit, that if cavalry rarely contrive to harm infantry, the latter, in turn, do little hurt to cavalry. First of all, no horsemen will rush upon an unflinching body of infantry; they may do so in novels, or in New York newspapers, but they will not do it in real earnest. When they get pretty close, they rein up or wheel off; the squadrons shiver to fractions, and the best officer is left helpless in such a case. If they see the enemy flinch or flee, *a la bonne heure!* then the dragoons have an easy bargain of the foe; they trample, slash, hack, hew, and ride through broken battalions as through ripe corn. But a firm front is too much for them. On their part, the infantry do not fire so steadily as if on parade or at target practice. There is something in the rush of bounding squadrons, the tramp, the dust, the glitter, the shouting, eminently calculated to spoil shooting. The best marksmen, hitherto, have wasted their lead in such cases: balls fly high, or score the ground, but nobody is much the worse. Even the "thin red line" at Balaklava did not succeed in bringing down above the merest handful of Cossacks. The very bravest men have nerves to be discomposed by bustle and din. Yet cavalry are not useless, even in these days of far-reaching rifles. Their very name is dreadful to scattered foot-soldiers in Europe or America.—The cry of "Cavalry coming!" is awful in the ears of a fleeing army; the troopers convert a retreat into a rout, they cut down stragglers, disperse enemies, take prisoners, and improve a victory. For sudden assaults, for foraging, for picking up intelligence, cavalry are unrivalled: a beaten force retires under their protection, and a victory is never made the most of where they are lacking.—The moral effect they produce repays their heavy cost.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

LADIES' CONFIDENCES.—Two men, be they the dearest friends in the world, when they have once lighted their candles and said good-night, think no more of one another, and feel no lack of one another till they meet at breakfast the next morning. But two women, two sisters, or two dear friends, are not satisfied with talking all day down stairs, they must needs talk half the night in their bedrooms. Some prying novelist says somewhere that female nature is such, that confidence cannot be perfect till the back hair is let down; but we do not know enough of ladies' toilets to know whether this is the right explanation. If it be, we feel quite sure that many husbands would be quite satisfied to allow the back hair to be let down in the drawing-room; at all events, from the withdrawing thither to the announcement of tea. As it is, the poor man has a creeping sensation, that he, and his house, and his friends, and all his affairs are being discussed just when he is anxious to forget them all in a sound slumber. We commend the question to the investigators of Social Science. Why do women delight to chatter in bedrooms while men, if they do chatter, invariably chatter down stairs?—*Saturday Review.*

☞ It is said that the wheel of fortune revolves for all; but many of us are broken on the wheel.

Agricultural.

SORGHUM.

How to Manufacture Syrup With Profit.

Sorghum is heavy, and cannot profitably be carried far to be manufactured on shares; nor will it "pay" for every farmer to purchase the machinery to manufacture for his own family *only;* hence the statement of a few facts which I learned last fall while on a pleasure excursion through Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, may prove of practical value to some of your readers. Thousands of farmers of the West, raise the sorghum. Several, in the same neighborhood, raised from half an acre, to two or three acres each, and hauled it to a central one of their number to manufacture on shares, which one prepared himself with a two-horse mill, which was double the power needed, and made himself three pans or evaporators, by taking two strips of pine boards, seven inches wide by about eight feet long, and nailing a piece of galvanized or common sheet iron, thirty inches wide, on the bottom edges of the boards, simply turning up the sheet iron at the ends; thus making the pans about thirty inches wide, eight feet long, and seven inches deep. Two of these were placed at a time over a furnace sixteen feet long, and filled from five to six inches deep with the juice, and boiled *rapidly*, to the proper consistency in the same pans, without any change except to shove the farther advanced pan to the back end of the furnace; always putting the freshly filled pan over the hottest part of the furnace, as the richer the syrup, the less heat is required. The third pan is only used to facilitate changing, cleansing, &c.

In this way, about thirty gallons per day were made, and, with proper attention to skimming, it was made of excellent quality, without "lime" or any chemical application. They never permit any fresh juice to be mixed with that partly evaporated, in the way of filling up pans, &c.—J. L. HOSMROOK, *Cincinnati.*

NORTHERN SUGAR.

It would be a singular result of the rebellion, if the North and West should become independent of the southern climes in the articles of sugar and cotton. The cotton culture will be tried next season in regions farther north than it ever was before, with what results time will show. The various products that will yield sugar will also become more extensively sought after.

The sorghum, the sugar beet and the rock maple are all demanding attention. They can all be used in Maine and the other New England states. The maple and the beet are at home in the North, and the sorghum and imphee produce abundantly in the Western states. The earlier varieties of imphee will undoubtedly ripen in Maine.

The sorghum has already been proven in the West, and its culture next season will be quadrupled. A sorghum convention was held at Rockford, Illinois, last fall, where many samples of the syrup and some sugar was exhibited and much valuable information elicited, which will lead to improvements both of culture and manufacture the coming season. One individual had made 16 gallons of syrup from an acre. Another had made 100 gallons from three-fourths of an acre. Seven gallons of juice made one of syrup.

The Illinois Horticultural Society at their meeting held in Chicago not long ago, when discussion was held upon the subject of the production and manufacture of Sorghum syrup and sugar. Among other interesting facts it appears that, "the cultivation of the sugar-cane in the north-west is no longer a matter of doubt. As high as 300 gallons of syrup have been produced per acre. One hundred and fifty gallons is a small yield;" and it was confidently asserted that they would soon have a home supply and a surplus to export to the eastern states.

Our farmers in northern New England should be preparing themselves for the maple sugar campaign. The time for it will soon be along and should be improved in every way possible.—*Maine Farmer.*

HEMLOCK BARK FOR DRAINS.—Among the various materials that we see recommended for the construction of drains, I do not recollect of ever noticing that of hemlock bark. In sections of country where the hemlock tree abounds, this is one of the cheapest and most durable materials for underdraining to be found. Hemlock timber, cut in February or March, will peel in May, or as soon as we have a few warm days. June, however, is the best time to peel bark, and any one that is intending to do much at the business, would do best to cut his timber in June.

The bark for drains should be cut about four feet in length, and from twelve to fifteen inches in width, and spread out in the sun with the flesh side up, and it will roll up in a few days and be ready for use. If the bark is too thick for the action of the sun to do the work of rolling, a round pole of the size you want the drain can be used, and the bark pressed around and left to dry. It is as durable as tile, and not half as expensive. Try it. GEORGE CAMPBELL, *Westminster, Vt.*

Useful Receipts.

SUBSTITUTES FOR COFFEE.—The high price of tea and coffee has caused many to adopt substitutes for a morning beverage. Go where you will, you hear the subject discussed, and stepping into houses you are regaled with the odor of burning peas, rye, barley, or whatever is designed for a substitute. That some of these articles will make a very palatable and wholesome beverage we think no one will deny. We give below some of the receipts that are floating around, and have been commended:—

WHEAT COFFEE.—Wheat coffee, made of a mixture of eight quarts of wheat to one pound of real coffee, is said to afford a beverage quite as agreeable as the unadulterated Rio, besides being much more wholesome.

RYE COFFEE.—Take a peck of rye and cover it with water, let it steep or boil until the grain swells or commences to burst, then drain or dry it. Roast to a deep brown color and prepare as other coffee, allowing twice the time for boiling. Served with boiled milk. *Wheat* coffee probably could be made the same way.

ANOTHER.—Take some rye; 1st, scald it; 2nd, dry it; 3rd, brown it, and then mix it with one-third coffee and two-thirds rye, and then you will have as good a cup of coffee as you ever drank.

SWEET POTATO COFFEE.—Another writer in one of our exchanges, gives the following receipt for the preparation of a substitute for coffee. We give it for what it is worth, never having seen it tried:

"Take sweet potatoes, cut them fine enough to dry conveniently, and when dried, grind in a coffee-mill, dry them by the fire or stove, at this season of the year, or by the sun, when that will do it; grind and use, mixed with coffee in such proportions as you like. Some of my neighbors omit half of the coffee; some more."

BARLEY COFFEE.—Take common barley or the skinless, if it can be obtained, roast as you would coffee, and mix in such proportion as suits your taste. It is very good.

PEA COFFEE.—It is probably known to many that a very large per cent. of the ground coffee sold at the stores is common field peas roasted and ground with the coffee. There are hundreds of thousands of bushels of peas annually used for that purpose. Those who are in the habit of purchasing ground coffee can do better to buy their own peas, burn and grind them, and mix to suit themselves.

CAROB COFFEE.—Is recommended by an exchange. Cut up, dry and grind, and mix with coffee in quantities to suit the taste.

CHESTNUT COFFEE.—Chestnuts also are said to make excellent coffee.

Doubtless it is best, in all the receipts, to mix the original coffee with the substitute.

A HEALTHFUL SUBSTITUTE FOR ALUM IN BREAD.—Water saturated with lime produces in bread the same whiteness, softness, and capacity of retaining moisture as results from the use of alum; while the former removes all acidity from the dough, and supplies an ingredient needed in the structure of the bones. The best proportion to use is five pounds of water saturated with lime, to every nineteen pounds of flour. The way to saturate water with lime is to drop into it stones of quicklime, stir until the whole is slack, let the lime settle, then strain off the clear water, and it is fit for use. No change is required in the process of baking; the lime most effectually coagulates the gluten, and the bread becomes light. Dr. Muspratt, of Liverpool, in his "Chemistry as applied to the Arts and Manufactures," article "Bread," strongly recommends the use of lime water.

ALE OR BEER BREWED IN A TEA-KETTLE.—The art of brewing, it has been well remarked by Cobbett, is very similar to the process of making tea. If you put into a tea-pot a handful of malt, and fill the pot with hot water, not quite boiling, and continue adding water and pouring it out till it becomes tasteless, the strength of the malt will thus be extracted just like the strength of the tea-leaves. This malt tea boiled with a few hops, and when cooled to about blood heat having a little yeast added to it to make it permanent, will produce a quantity of ale or beer, according to the strength of the ingredients. Apply this, which is the whole art of brewing, to the making of a larger quantity, and you cannot be out. A peck of malt, and four ounces of hops, will produce ten quarts of ale better than any you can purchase, and for this purpose all you require is a large tea-kettle and two pans. For a larger quantity, you must have a mash-tub and oar, sieve, and two coolers, a wicker hose, a spigot, and faucit, with two nine-gallon casks. These will cost £2 new; and you may brew four bushels of malt with them, and allowing four pounds of hops, this will yield nine gallons of the best ale, and nine more of excellent table-beer.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 8, 3, is the hero of one of Dickens's novels.
My 2, 5, 8, is a name given to balls.
My 3, 11, 10, signifies anger.
My 4, 3, 8, is a part of all animals.
My 5, 3, 4, is a greasy substance.
My 6, 3, 11, is a title of respect.
My 7, 11, 10, is a product of the earth.
My 8, 5, 10, was a celebrated author.
My 9, 3, 8, is part of the human body.
My 10, 4, 3, was one of the prophets.
My 11, 5, 10, is an animal.

You can solve this enigma if you are my whole.

GAHMEW.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 14, 7, 5, 12, 3, 18, 4, 11, is a poem by Henry W. Longfellow.
My 8, 3, 15, 6, is a celebrated place of learning in England.
My 16, 10, 15, 6, 16, is a river in Europe.
My 3, 17, 1, is a cape on the coast of Massachusetts.
My 3, 8, 1, 13, is an article used in armies.
My 1, 7, 9, 18, is a river on whose banks a powerful nation once flourished.
My whole is the name of a notable American writer. A. L. MESERVE.

Bartlett, N. H.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1. An island in Oceanica.
2. An island in the Mediterranean sea.
3. An island in the Gulf of Mexico.
4. An island in Oceanica.
5. An island in the Atlantic Ocean.
6. An island in the Atlantic Ocean.

The initials will form the name of an American general. GAHMEW.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A desert in Africa.
A gulf in Asia.
A lake in Europe.
One of the United States.
A lake in Africa.
A power of the world.

My initials form a river in the Old World; my finals place of situation. SAML. LAIRD.

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sallo can quit.	O, I luv aol Rarey!
Peria captain.	Force per man.
Caleb T. Reed.	Ten game men.
This slaric.	Turn Dares.

GAHMEW.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The north-west corner of the state of Texas is in lat. 36 deg. 30 min. north; long. 103 deg. west. In a north-westerly direction from the monument which marks the corner are two mountains called Wagon Mound and Rabbidere Mountain. From a point B, 805 miles east from the corner, Wagon Mound bears west 15 deg., 2 min., 10 sec. north. Running a line due north from B to a point E 4,394 miles from B, Wagon Mound bears west 10 deg., 31 min., 15 sec. north. From a point C, 249 miles east from B, Rabbidere bears west 7 deg., 14 min., 50 sec. north. From a point D 9,501 miles east from C, Rabbidere bears west 4 deg., 36 min., 20 sec. north. Assuming that the angles taken are angles of plain triangles, what are the respective directions and distances of the two mountains from the north-west corner, their distance from each other, and the lat. and long. of Wagon Mound?

Canton, Fulton Co., Ills. B. L. F.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the difference between a trick of war and a gamecock? Ans.—One is a "ruse," and the other a "rooster."

☞ Why is it unpleasant to have carrion near? Ans.—Because it makes an offal smell.

☞ Why is an apple-tree like a crooked wall? Ans.—Because it isn't *plumb*.

☞ Why is a flirting wife like a wheel? Ans.—Because she goes round with the *fellows* (fellows) as well as with the *hub*.

☞ Why is a palm-tree like chronology? Ans.—Because it furnishes dates.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—Lying lips are abominations to the Lord. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The American Academy of Music. CHARADE—Cartridge. DOUBLE REBUS—Caucasus, in Europe., (Cobi, Amason, Umbre, Calcasieu, Amoor, Lego, Up, Suiza.)

Answer to Surveying Question by D. Diefenbach, published Jan. 11, 1862, 187¾ acres. Henry Barnes, Burlington, Racine Co., Wisconsin. J. W. T. C. Ville, Q. A. Co., Md., and H., Oswego, N. Y.

Answer to Algebraical Problem, published Dec. 28, 1861. A 75 acres at $5; B 80 acres at $6; C 60 acres at $7; D 40 acres at $8, and E 45 at $9 per acre. Joseph Flamlach, Madison Co., Ills.

Answer to A. Martin's Question, published Nov. 30th, 1861—350 miles distance from C to D. O. P. Waldo, Holland, Ct.

ONE FOR DEAN RAMSAY'S NEXT EDITION OF HIS "REMINISCENCES."—An old Scotch clergyman, of the true Spurgeonistic class, who was terribly annoyed at many of his congregation indulging in the habit of bolting out of church previous to and during the "benediction," had one day just got that length in the service, and was standing with outstretched hands and closed eyes, when the noise of the escaping multitude again attracted his attention, and disturbed the quiet of the church. Quietly opening his eyes, he thus addressed the doorkeeper, and effectually stopped the practice for *that* day, at any rate:—"And now, John, open the doors, and let all the cursed people who don't want the blessing, retire!"

☞ The cheerful are the busy; when trouble knocks at your door or rings the bell, he will generally retire if you send him word you are "engaged."